THE SANDMAN
HIS SEA STORIES

BY

WILLIAM J. HOPKINS

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Author of *The Sandman: His Farm Stories*

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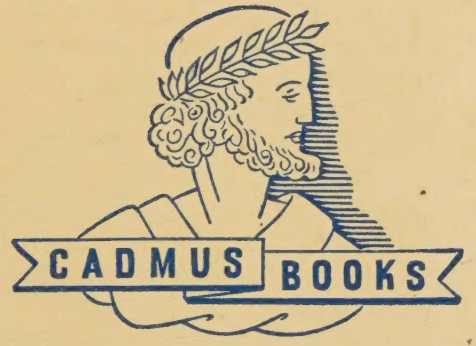

THE SANDMAN: HIS SEA STORIES

BY WILLIAM J. HOPKINS

Author of *The Sandman: His Farm Stories*

Many years ago all the big ocean ships were sailing vessels. These sea stories tell about the travels of a sailing ship called the Industry. Captain Solomon took the Industry to China and India and other places far away.

Little Jacob and little Sol were almost thirteen years old and they went on some of these voyages. What a lot of fun they had!

Once as they stood on the deck they saw some flying fish. They were flying faster than the boat was sailing. Another time they looked in the water and saw a huge shark. He was following the ship. What Captain Solomon told the sailors to do about the shark is one of the most exciting stories in the book.

In India the boys went for a ride in huge carts drawn by oxen. They saws lots of elephants and they even had a ride on one of them. How this ride came about is part of the story that you will most enjoy.

Can you imagine how surprised the captain was when he found a stranger working on his ship? You will certainly want to find out how this story ended.

What do you suppose happens to a ship when it is no longer able to sail? Is it good for anything at all? Maybe you will be surprised when you find out just how many things it can be used for.

* *

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"THEY SAILED ON, IN THE MOONLIGHT"

(See page 297)

The Sandman: His Sea Stories

By

William J. Hopkins

Author of "The Sandman: His Farm Stories," "The Sandman: More Farm Stories," "The Sandman: His Ship Stories," etc.

With Forty Illustrations by

Diantha W. Horne

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The Sandman: His Sea Stories

MORE STORIES OF THE BRIG "INDUSTRY"

THE SEPTEMBER-GALE STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow

road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years, and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalks were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The river and the ocean are there yet, as they always have been and always will be; and the city is there, but it is a different kind of a city from what it used to be. And the wharf is slowly falling down, for it is not used now; and the narrow road down the steep hill is all grown up with weeds and grass.

Once, more than a hundred years ago, when ships still came to that wharf, the brig *Industry* came sailing into that river.

For she was one of the ships that used to come to that wharf, and she used to sail from it to India and China, and she always brought back silks and cloth of goats' hair and camels' hair shawls and sets of china and pretty lacquered tables and trays, and things carved out of ebony and ivory and teakwood, and logs of teakwood and tea and spices. And she had just got back from those far countries and Captain Solomon and all the sailors were very glad to get back. For it was more than a year since she had sailed out of the little river, and they had n't seen their families for all that long time. And a year is a pretty long time for a man to be sailing on the great ocean and not to see his wife and his dear little boys and girls.

So they hurried and tied the *Industry*

to the wharf with great ropes and they went away just as soon as they could. And the men that had wives and little boys and girls went to see them, and the others went somewhere. Perhaps they went to the Sailors' Home and perhaps they didn't. But Captain Solomon went to the office of Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob, who were the owners of the *Industry*. Their office was just at the head of the wharf, so he didn't have far to go. And Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob were there waiting for him, and they shook hands with him and sent him packing off home, to see his wife and baby. For Captain Solomon hadn't been married much more than a year and he had sailed away on that long voyage after he had been married four months and he had left

his wife behind. And the baby had been born while he was gone, so that he had n't seen him yet. That baby was the one that was called little Sol, that is told about in some of the Ship Stories. Captain Solomon wanted to see his wife and his baby, so he hurried off when Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob told him to.

Then the mate of the *Industry* got a lot of men and had them take out of the ship all the things that she had brought from those far countries. And they wheeled them, on little trucks, into the building where Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob had their office, and they piled them up in a great empty room that smelled strangely of camphor and spices and tea and all sorts of other things that make a nice smell.

At last all the things were taken out of the *Industry*, so that she floated very high up in the water and the top of her rail, which the sailors look over, was high above the wharf. And Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob came out of their office to speak to the mate. And the mate said that the *Industry* was all unloaded; for he was rather proud that he had got all those many things out so quickly.

And Captain Jonathan answered the mate and said how quick he had been. But Captain Jacob didn't say anything, for he was looking around at the sky. The mate saw that Captain Jacob was looking at the sky, and he looked up, too.

"Looks as though we might have a breeze o' wind," he said. For little white

feathery clouds were coming up from the southwest and covering the sky like a thin veil.

Captain Jacob nodded. "More than a breeze," he said; for Captain Jacob had been a truly captain and he knew about the weather.

"I 've got out double warps," said the mate; and he meant that he had tied the *Industry* to the wharf with two ropes instead of one at each place.

Captain Jacob nodded again. "That 's well," he said. "That 's just as well."

And the mate said "Good night, sir," to Captain Jonathan and he said it to Captain Jacob, too, and they bade him good night, and he went home.

That evening Captain Jacob heard the wind as he was playing chess with Lois.

Lois was Captain Jacob's wife. And Captain Jacob listened to the wind and forgot about the game of chess that he was playing, so that Lois beat him two games. That made Captain Jacob angry, for Lois didn't care much about chess and couldn't play as well as Captain Jacob could. She only played to please Captain Jacob, anyway. And Captain Jacob got so angry that he put the chessmen away and went to bed; but he didn't sleep very well, the wind howled so.

Very early in the morning, long before daylight, Captain Jacob got up. He had been awake for some time, listening to the sound of the rain against his windows and to the howling and shrieking of the wind. And he wondered what was happening down on the river and if the *Industry* was

all right. He knew well enough what was happening along the shore, and that they would be hearing of wrecks for the next two weeks. They did n't have the telegraph then, so that they would n't read in a morning paper what had happened far away during the night, but would have to wait for the stage to bring them the news, or for some boat to bring it. So Captain Jacob got more and more uneasy, until, at last, he could n't stand it any longer.

And he dressed himself as fast as he could and put on his heavy boots and his great cloak, and he pulled his hat down hard, and he lighted a lantern and started down to the wharf. It was hard work, for the wind was so strong that it almost took him up right off the ground, and blew him along. And sometimes he had to hold

on to the fences to keep himself from blowing away; and he had to watch for a chance, when the wind was n't so strong for a minute, to cross the streets. Once he heard a great crash, and he knew that that was the sound of a chimney that the wind had blown over. But he could n't stop to attend to that.

When he got to the wharf, he was surprised to see how high the hull of the *Industry* was. It was n't daylight yet, but he could just make out the bulk of it against the sky. And he was surprised because he knew that it would not be time for the tide to be high for three hours yet, and the *Industry* was floating as high as she would at a very high tide. So Captain Jacob made his way very carefully out on the wharf, holding on to ropes and

"SOMETIMES HE HAD TO HOLD ON TO THE FENCES"

to other things when there were other things to hold on to, and crouching down low, for he didn't want to be blown off into the water.

At last he got to the edge, and he held his lantern over and looked down at the water. And the top of the water was only about three feet down, for the wind was blowing straight up the river from the ocean, and it was so strong that it had blown the water from the ocean into the river. And it was still blowing it in, and was getting stronger every minute.

Captain Jacob looked at the water a minute. "Hello!" he said. But nobody could have heard him, there was such a noise of the wind and of the waves washing against the wharf. He didn't say it to anybody in particular, so he wasn't

disappointed that nobody heard him. And he listened again, and he thought he heard a noise as though somebody was on the *Industry*. So he climbed up the side, with his lantern, and there he saw the mate, for it was just beginning to be a little bit light in the east. The mate was trying to do something with an anchor; but the anchors were great, enormous, heavy things, and one man could n't do anything with them at all.

Captain Jacob went close beside the mate. "What you trying to do?" he yelled, as loud as he could.

"What, sir?" asked the mate, yelling as loud as he could.

"What—you—trying—to—do?" asked Captain Jacob again. The wind was playing a tune on every rope on the ship

and singing a song besides, so that the noise, up there on the deck, was fearful.

"Trying to get an anchor out in the river," yelled the mate, putting his hands to his mouth like a trumpet. "Wharf 's going to be flooded as the tide rises. Afraid she 'll capsize!"

"You can't do it alone," yelled Captain Jacob.

"No," yelled the mate. "Can't! Get some men!"

"Good!" yelled Captain Jacob. And the mate climbed down the side.

But the mate did n't have to go far, for some men were already coming as well as they could, holding on by the fences on the way, and the mate met those men. And they came on the *Industry*, and lowered the biggest boat that she had into

the water, and they all managed to get in, somehow or other, and to hold the boat while Captain Jacob and the mate lowered the anchor into the boat, winding the chain around the capstan. The anchor was so heavy that it nearly sunk the boat, but it didn't quite sink it. The end of the boat that the anchor was on was so near the water that water kept splashing in.

Then the men all rowed very hard and the boat went ahead slowly, while Captain Jacob and the mate let out more of the anchor chain. But they couldn't go very far, for the wind was so strong and the waves were so high and the heavy anchor chain held them back near the ship. When they had got as far as they could, they managed to pry the anchor over-

board. It went into the water with a tremendous splash, wetting all the men; but they didn't mind, for they were all wet through already with the rain and the splashing of the waves. And the boat turned around and went back to the shore. But the men did n't try to row it back to the *Industry*. The wind blew them up the river, so that they got to the shore three or four wharves up, beyond the railway where they pulled ships up out of the water to mend them. They then walked back as quickly as they could.

Captain Jacob and the mate had been working hard, taking in some of the anchor chain. They put two of the bars in the capstan head and pushed as hard as they could, and they had managed to get a strain on the anchor by the time the

men got back. It was daylight, by this time, and the tide had risen so much that the men had to go splashing through water that was up to their ankles all over the top of the wharf. But they did n't care, and they got up on the ship, and some of them put more bars in the capstan head and pushed, and some of them let out more of the great ropes that held the ship to the wharf. They wanted to get her away from the wharf and out in the river, for they were afraid that the wind might blow her right over upon the wharf and tip her over. Then it would be very hard to get her into the water again.

When the anchor chain was pulled in enough, they fastened it and went to the stern and down one of the great ropes that

held the *Industry* to the wharf. They went down, half sliding and half letting themselves down by their hands, and Captain Jacob and the mate and all the men that were on the ship went down that way. They all had been sailors, and a sailor has to learn to do such things and not to be afraid. And they all splashed into the water that was on the top of the wharf. Then they let out the ropes from that end, but they did n't let them go. And the *Industry* lay out in the river, at anchor, about five fathoms from the end of the wharf. A fathom is six feet, and sailors generally measure distances in fathoms instead of in feet.

As soon as Captain Jacob had got to the wharf he yelled to the men and waved his hand to them, for he was afraid that

they could not hear him if he tried to tell them anything. And he started very carefully across the wharf, holding on to anything he could get hold of, and all the men followed him. It was very hard work and very dangerous, too, going about on top of the wharf, for the water was nearly up to the men's knees, and it was all wavy. And Captain Jacob led the way to the office and opened the door and they all went in.

As soon as they were inside, they began taking all the things that were piled up in that great room that had the nice smell, and they carried them up stairs. They did n't wait to be told what to do, for they knew well enough that Captain Jacob was afraid that the tide might rise so high that the floor of that room and of the office

would be covered with water and all the pretty things would be wet and spoiled. Of course, water would n't spoil the china and such things, but it would spoil the shawls and the silks and the tea and the spices. So they worked hard until they had all the things up stairs.

And, by that time, the water was beginning to come in at the door and to creep along over the floor; and Captain Jacob and the mate and all the men went outside, and stood where they were sheltered from the wind, and they watched the river, that stretched out very wide indeed, and they watched the things that were being driven up on its surface by the wind, and they watched the *Industry*.

They were all standing in the water, but they did n't know it. And they saw all

sorts of things going up the river, with the wind and the waves: many small boats that had been dragged from their moorings or off the beaches; and some larger boats that belonged to fishermen; and some of the fishermen's huts that had stood in a row on a beach; and a part of a house that had been built too near the water; and logs and boards from the wharves and all kinds of drifting stuff. It was almost high tide now, and the wind was stronger than ever. None of the men had had any breakfast, but they did n't think of that.

"About the height of it, now," said the mate to Captain Jacob. They could hear each other speak where they were standing, in a place that was sheltered by the building. "Not so bad here, in the lee of

"THEY SAW ALL SORTS OF THINGS GOING UP THE RIVER"

the office. And the wind 'll go down as the tide turns, I 'm thinking."

Captain Jacob nodded. He was watching the *Industry* pitching in the great seas that were coming up the river.

"She ought to have more chain out," he said anxiously. "I wish we could have given her more chain. It 's a terrible strain."

"If a man was to go out to her," began the mate, slowly, "he might be able to give her more. He could shin up those warps ——"

"Don't think of it!" said Captain Jacob. "Don't think of it!"

As he spoke, the ship's bow lifted to a great sea, there was a dull sound that was scarcely heard, and she began to drift, slowly, at first, until she was broadside

to the wind. The anchor chain had broken; but the great ropes that were fastened to the wharf still held her by the stern. Then she drifted faster, in toward the wharves. There was a sound like the report of a small cannon; then another and another. The great ropes that had held her to the wharf had snapped like thread.

"Well," said Captain Jacob, "now I wonder where she 'll bring up. We can't do anything."

So they watched her drifting in to the wharf where the railway was, where they pulled ships up out of the water to mend them. And Captain Jonathan was coming down to the office just as the *Industry* broke adrift, and he saw that she would come ashore at the railway. So

he stopped there and waited for her to come. They had there a sort of cradle, that runs down into the water on rails; and a ship fits into the cradle and is drawn up out of the water to be mended. And Captain Jonathan thought of that, and he thought that it would n't do any harm to lower the cradle and see if the *Industry* would n't happen to fit into it. It might not do any good, but it could n't do any harm; and the *Industry* was all unloaded, and floated very high in the water.

So Captain Jonathan and two other men, who belonged at that railway, lowered the cradle as much as they thought would be right, and the *Industry* drifted in and she did happen to catch on the cradle. She did n't fit into it exactly, for she

was heeled over by the wind, and she caught on the cradle more on one side than the other; but Captain Jonathan thought that she would go into the water all right when the tide went down a little and the cradle was lowered more. And he was glad that he had happened to think of it.

Then, pretty soon, the tide began to go out again, and the wind stopped blowing so hard. And, in an hour, there was not more than a strong gale blowing, and men began to go out in row boats that had n't broken adrift, and to pick things up as they came down with the tide. The sea was very rough, but they were afraid that the things would drift out to sea if they waited.

And, in a couple of hours more, Captain

Jonathan and Captain Jacob and the mate and all the men had the *Industry* afloat again and were warping her back to her wharf. There was no great harm done; only some marks of scraping and bumping and the anchor down at the bottom of the river.

Then Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob went home to dinner, and pretty soon all the men went, too. And they saw a great many chimneys blown over into yards and a great many fences blown down; and they came to a great tree that was blown down across the street, and then they saw another and a third. And they had to go

through somebody's yard to get around these trees. And, when they got home, they heard about an old woman who had tried to go somewhere, who had been picked up by the wind and carried a long way and set down again on her own door-step. And she had taken the hint and gone into the house.

That great wind, they called the Great September Gale, for it happened in the early part of September. That is the time of the year that such great winds are most apt to come. And all the people had it to talk about for a long time, for there was n't another such gale for more than twenty years.

And that 's all.

THE FIRE STORY

NCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships had to go on that

narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The river and the ocean are there yet, as they always have been and always will be; and the city is there, but it is a different kind of a city from what it used to be. And the wharf is slowly falling down, for it is not used now; and the narrow road down the steep hill is all grown up with weeds and grass.

One day, in the long ago, the brig *Industry* sailed away from that wharf, on a voyage to India. And she sailed down the wide river and out into the great ocean and on and on until the land was only a dim blue streak on the horizon; and farther on, and the land sank out of sight, and there was nothing to be seen, wher-

ever Captain Solomon looked, but that great, big water, that was so blue and that danced and sparkled in the sunshine. For it was a beautiful afternoon and there was just a gentle wind blowing, so that the *Industry* had every bit of sail set that could be set: mainsail and foresail and spanker, main-topsail, and fore-topsail, main-topgallantsail and fore-topgallantsail and main-royal and fore-royal and main-skysail and fore-skysail and staysails and all her jibs and a studdingsail on every yard, out on its boom. She was sailing very fast, and she was a pretty sight, with that cloud of canvas. She looked like a great white bird. I wish that you and I could have seen her.

And the crew did n't have much to do, when they had got all those sails set.

They had already been divided into watches, so that every man knew what his duty would be, and when he would have to be on deck, ready to work, and when he could sleep. And they stood at the rail, mostly, and they leaned on it and looked out over the water in the direction of that little city that they were leaving behind them and that they would n't see again for nearly a year. They could n't see the little city because it was down behind the roundness of the world; but they saw the sun, which was almost setting. And the sun sank lower and lower until it sank into the sea. And there were all sorts of pretty colors, in the west, which changed and grew dim, and disappeared. And the stars came out, one by one, and it was night.

Captain Solomon did n't have any of

those many sails taken in, because he knew that it would be pleasant weather all night, and that the wind would be less rather than more. And it was such a beautiful night that he did n't go to bed early, but stayed on deck until it was very late; and he watched the stars and the water and he listened to the wash of the waves as the ship went through them and he saw the foam that she made; and he felt the gentle wind blowing on his cheek, and it all seemed very good to him. Captain Solomon loved the sea. Then, when it was very late, and they were just going to change the watch, he went into the cabin to go to bed.

Before he had got his clothes off, he heard a commotion on deck, and the mate came running down.

"The ship's on fire, sir," he said. "There's smoke coming out of the forward hatch."

Captain Solomon said something and threw on his clothes that he had taken off and ran out on deck. It was less than half a minute from the time the mate had told him. And he saw a little, thin column of smoke rising out of the forward hatchway, just as the mate had said. They had the hatch off by this time, and the sailors were all on deck. The hatchway is a square hole in the deck that leads down into the hold, where the things are put that the ship carries. It has a cover made of planks, and the cover fits on tightly and can be fastened down. It usually is fastened when the ship is going.

Captain Solomon spoke to the mate.

"Put her about on the other tack," he said, "and head for Boston, while we fight it. If we get it under, as I think we will, we'll lose only a couple of hours. If we don't, we can get help there. We ought to make Boston by daylight."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate. And he gave the orders in a sharp voice, and most of the crew jumped for the sails and the ropes and pulled and hauled, and they soon had the ship heading for Boston. But the second mate and a few of the sailors got lanterns and lighted them.

And, when they had lighted their lanterns, the second mate jumped down the hatchway into the smoke, and four sailors jumped down after him. And they began tumbling about the bales of things; but they couldn't tumble them about very

much, for there was n't room, the cargo had been stowed so tightly. And the second mate asked Captain Solomon to rig a tackle to hoist some of the things out on deck.

"Doing it, now," answered Captain Solomon. "It 'll be ready in half a minute."

And they got the tackle rigged right over the hatchway, and they let down one end of the rope to the second mate. This end of the rope that was let down had two great, iron hooks that could be hooked into a bale, one on each side. And the second mate and the sailors that were down there with him hooked them into a bale and yelled. Then a great many of the sailors, who already had hold of the other end of the rope, ran away with it, so that the bale came up as if it had been

blown up through the hatchway. Then other sailors caught it, and threw it over to one side and unhooked the hooks, and they let them down into the hold again.

They got up a great many bales in this way, and they did it faster than the *Industry* had ever been unloaded before. And the sailors that ran away with the rope sang as they ran.

"What shall we do with a drunken sailor?"

was the chanty that they sang. And, at last, the second mate and the four sailors came out of the hold, and they were choking with the smoke and rubbing their eyes.

"Getting down to it, sir," said the second mate, "but we could n't stand any more."

So the first mate did n't wait, but he took the second mate's lantern and jumped down.

"Four men follow me!" he cried; and all the other sailors, who had n't been down yet, jumped for the lanterns of the four sailors who had been down, and Captain Solomon laughed.

"That's the way to do it!" he cried. "That's the sort of spirit I like to see. We'll have it out in a jiffy. Four of you men at a time. You'll all have a turn. Man the pumps, some of you, and be ready to turn a stream down there if it's wanted."

So the four who had been nearest to the lanterns went down, and some of the others tailed on to the rope, and still others got the pumps ready and rigged a hose

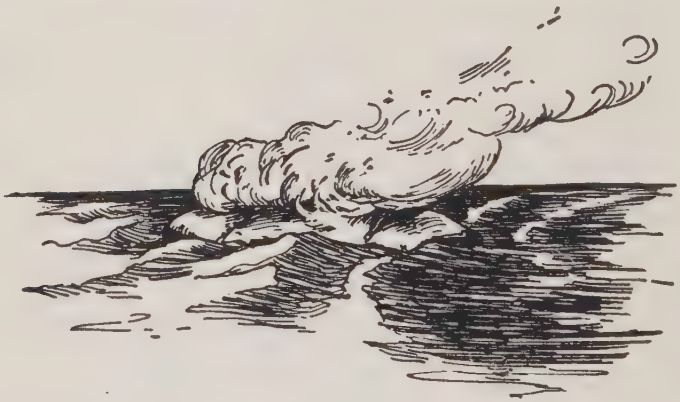
and put the end of it down the hatchway. But they did n't pump, because Captain Solomon knew that water would do harm to the cargo that was n't harmed yet, and he did n't want to pump water into the hold unless he had to.

Then they all hurried some more and got out more bales, until the mate and his four men had to come up; but there were more men waiting to go down, and, this time, Captain Solomon led them.

He had n't been there long before he called out. "Here she is!" he said. And the sailors hoisted out a bale that was smoking. As soon as it was on deck, out in the air, it burst into flames.

Captain Solomon had come up. "Heave it overboard!" he cried. And four sailors took hold of it and heaved it over the side

into the water. The *Industry* was sailing pretty fast and quickly left it astern, where it floated, burning, for a few minutes;



then, as the water soaked into the bale, it got heavier, and sank, and the sailors saw the light go out, suddenly.

Captain Solomon drew a long breath. "Put her on her course again, Mr. Steele," he said to the mate. "We won't lose any more time. You can have this mess cleared up in the morning."

And the sailors jumped for the ropes, although they were pretty tired, and they swung the yards around, two at a time, with a chanty for each. The *Industry* was sailing away for India again. And, the next day they cleared the smoke out of the hold, and they stowed the cargo that had been taken out in the night, and they put on the hatch and fastened it.

And that 's all.

THE PORPOISE STORY

NCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships had to go on that

narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The river and the ocean are there yet, as they always have been and always will be; and the city is there, but it is a different kind of a city from what it used to be. And the wharf is slowly falling down, for it is not used now; and the narrow road down the steep hill is all grown up with weeds and grass.

Once, in the long ago, the brig *Industry* had sailed away from the wharf and out into the great ocean on a voyage to India. And she had been gone from the wide river three or four days, and she was well out into the ocean and no land was in sight, but only water and once in a while another ship. But they did n't see ships as

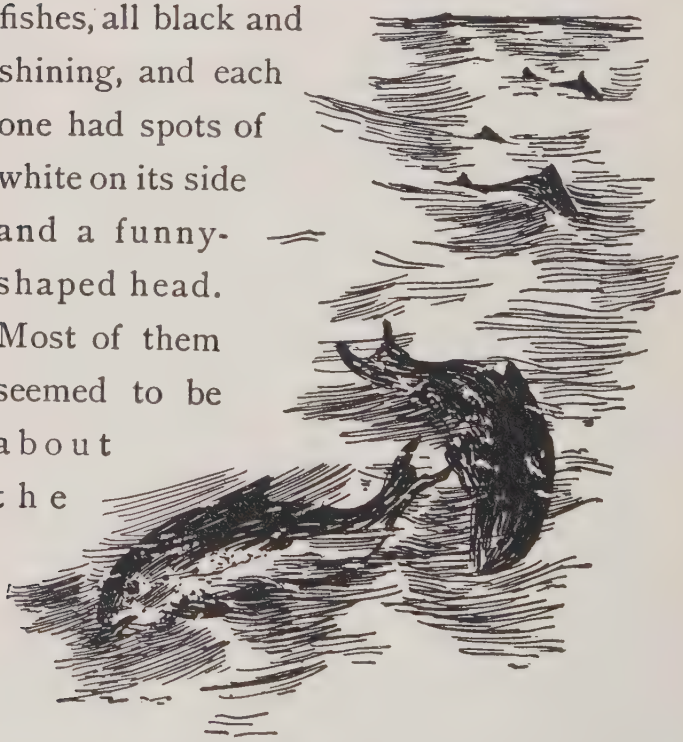
often as they had at first, and it was good weather and the wind was fair, so that there was n't anything much for the sailors to do. The mates kept them as busy as they could, washing down the deck and coiling ropes, and doing a lot of other things that did n't need to be done, for the *Industry* had just been fixed up and painted and made as clean as she could be made. And that was pretty clean. So the sailors did n't care very much about doing a lot of things that did n't need to be done, but they did them, as slowly as they could, because, if they said that they would n't do things that the mates or the captain told them to do, that would be mutiny. And mutiny, at sea, is a very serious thing for everybody. It satisfied Captain Solomon and the mate well

enough to have the men do things slowly, so long as they did them. For they knew that the men would do things quickly if there was any need for quickness.

Then, one morning, just as it began to be light, the man who was the lookout thought that he saw something in the water about the ship that did n't look quite like waves. And it got a little lighter so that he could make sure, and he called some others of his watch and told them to look and see the school of porpoises. And they all looked, and those men told others who looked over the side, too, and pretty soon all the men of that watch were leaning on the rail and looking at the porpoises. That made the mate who was on watch look over, too, so that every man on deck was looking over

the side into the water. Then the sun came up out of the water.

What they saw was a great many big fishes, all black and shining, and each one had spots of white on its side and a funny-shaped head. Most of them seemed to be about the



size of a man, and they swam in a funny sort of way, in and out of the water, so

that their backs showed most of the time, and they glistened and shone and their spots of white made them rather a pretty sight. And now and then they spouted little jets of water and spray out of their heads into the air, just as if they were little whales. Porpoises are more like little whales than they are like fishes, for they have to breathe air, just as whales do, and they spout just as whales do, and they are like whales in other ways. They are n't really fishes, at all.

The *Industry* was sailing very fast, for the wind was fair and strong, and she had all the sails set that she could set; but the porpoises did n't seem to think she was going very fast, for they had no trouble at all to keep up with her and they could play by the way, too. And

so they did, hundreds of them. Some of them kept just ahead of her stem, where it cut through the water, and they leaped and gambolled, but the ship never caught up with them. And they were doing the same thing all about.

Seeing the porpoises that kept just ahead of the *Industry* made the sailors think of something and they all thought of the same thing at once. Perhaps it was because it was about breakfast time. Four of the men went aft to speak to the mate, who was standing where the deck is higher. And the mate did n't wait for them to speak, for he knew just what they were going to ask him. The men had their hats in their hands by the time they got near.

The mate smiled. "Yes, you may," he

said. "I'll get 'em." And he went into the cabin.

When he had gone the men grinned at each other and looked pleased and each man was thinking that the mate was not so bad, after all, even if he did make them do work that did n't need to be done, just to kept them busy. But they did n't say anything.

Then the mate came out, and he had two harpoons in his hand.

"There!" he said. "Two 's enough. You 'd only get in each other's way if there were more. Bend a line on to each, and make it fast, somewhere."

Then Captain Solomon came on deck, and he offered a prize of half a pound of tobacco to the best harpooner. And the men cheered when they heard him,

and they took the harpoons and ran forward.

They hurried and fastened a rather small rope on to each harpoon, in the way a rope ought to be fastened to a harpoon, and two of the sailors took the two harpoons and went down under the bowsprit, in among the chains that go from the end of the bowsprit to the stem of the ship. They went there so as to be near the water. They might get wet there, but they didn't care about that. And the other end of the rope, that was fastened to each harpoon, was made fast up on deck, so that the harpoon shouldn't be lost if it wasn't stuck into a porpoise, and so that the porpoise shouldn't get away if it was stuck into him.

One of the sailors was so excited that he didn't hit anything with his harpoon,

and the sailors up on deck hauled it in. The other sailor managed to hit a porpoise, but he was excited, too, and the harpoon didn't go in the right place. When the sailors up on deck tried to haul the porpoise in, it broke away, and went swimming off.

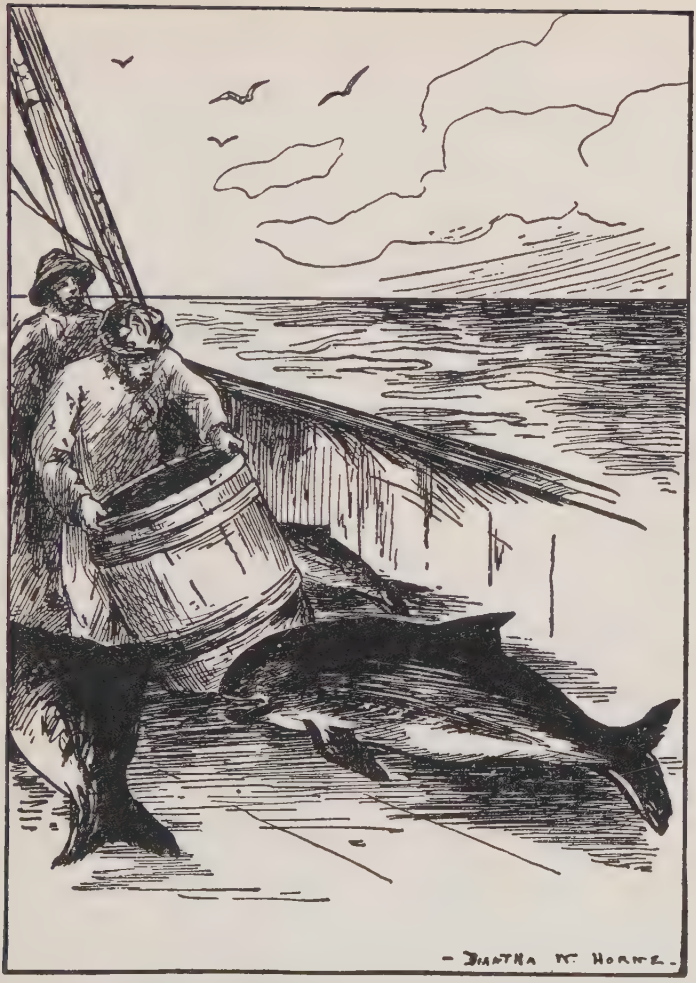
Then those sailors came back on deck and two others took their places. One of those others had been harpooner on a whaleship before he went on the *Industry*. He didn't get excited at harpooning a porpoise, but drove his harpoon in at just exactly the right place, and the sailors up on deck hauled that porpoise in. Afterwards, that sailor got the half pound of tobacco that Captain Solomon had offered as a prize, because he harpooned his porpoise just exactly the right way.

The sailor that went with him struck a porpoise, too, but it was n't quite in the right place, and the men had hard work to get him.

And then other sailors came and tried, and they took turns until they had more porpoises on deck than you would have thought that they could possibly use.

And all the men had porpoise steak for breakfast that morning and porpoise steak for dinner, and porpoise steak for supper. Sailors call porpoises "puffing pigs," and porpoise steak tastes something like pork steak, and sailors like it. But they had it for every meal until there was only one porpoise left, and that one they had to throw overboard.

And that 's all.



"THEY HAD MORE PORPOISES ON DECK THAN YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT THEY COULD POSSIBLY USE"

THE SEAWEED STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had

business with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The river and the ocean are there yet, as they always have been and always will be; and the city is there, but it is a different kind of a city from what it used to be. And the wharf is slowly falling down, for it is not used now; and the narrow road down the steep hill is all grown up with weeds and grass.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they made up their minds that they ought to move their office to Boston. And so they

did. And, after that, their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston and Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob had their office on India street. Then the change began in that little city and that wharf.

Once, in the long ago, the brig *Industry* had sailed from Boston for a far country, and little Jacob had gone on that voyage. Little Jacob was Captain Jacob's son and Lois's, and the grandson of Captain Jonathan, and when he went on that voyage he was almost thirteen years old. And little Sol went, too. He was Captain Solomon's son, and he was only a few months younger than little Jacob. Captain Solomon had taken him in the hope that the voyage would discourage him from going to sea. But, as it turned out, it did n't discourage him at all, but he liked going

to sea, so that afterwards he ran away and went to sea, and became the captain of that very ship, as you shall hear.

The *Industry* had been out a little more than a week, and she had run into a storm. The storm didn't do any harm except to blow her out of her course, and then she ran out of it. And the next morning little Jacob came out on deck and he looked for little Sol. The first place that he looked in was out on the bowsprit; for little Sol liked to be out there, where he could see all about him and could see the ship making the wave at her bow and feel as if he wasn't on the ship, at all, but free as air. It was a perfectly safe place to be in, for there were nettings on each side to keep him from falling, and he didn't go out beyond the nettings onto

the part that was just a round spar sticking out.

When little Jacob got to the bow of the ship, he looked out on the bowsprit, and there was little Sol; but he was n't lying on his back as he was most apt to be, nor he was n't lying down with one hand propping up his head, which was the way he liked to lie to watch the wave that the ship made. He was lying stretched out on his stomach, with both hands propping up his chin, and he was looking straight out ahead, so that he did n't see little Jacob. And the *Industry* was pitching a good deal, for the storm had made great waves, like mountains, and the waves that were left were still great. The ship made a sort of growling noise as she went down into a wave, and a sort of hissing noise as

she came up out of it, and little Jacob was — well, not afraid, exactly, but he did n't just like to go out there where little Sol was, with the ship making all those queer noises. You see, it was little Jacob's first storm at sea. It was little Sol's first storm, too; but then, boys are different.

So little Jacob called. "Sol!" he said.

Little Sol turned his head quickly. "Hello, Jake," said he. "Come on out. There 's lots to see out here to-day."

"Are — are there things to see that I could n't see from here?" asked little Jacob.

"Of course there are," answered little Sol, scornfully. "You can't see anything from there — anything much."

"The ship pitches a good deal," remarked little Jacob. "Don't you think so?"

"Oh, some," said little Sol, "but it's safe enough after you get here. You could crawl out. I walked out. See here, I'll walk in, to where you are, on my hands."

And little Sol scrambled up and walked in on his hands, with his feet in the air. He let his feet down carelessly. "There!" he said. "You see."

"Well," said little Jacob. "I can't walk on my hands, because I don't know how. You show me, Sol, will you? — when it's calm. And I'll walk out on my feet."

Little Jacob was rather white, but he did n't hesitate, and he walked out on the bowsprit to the place where he generally sat. It was rather hard work keeping his balance, but he did it. And little Sol came after, and said he would show him how to walk on his hands, some day

when it was calm enough. For little Sol did n't think little Jacob was afraid, and the two boys liked each other very much.

"There!" said little Sol, when they were settled, "you look out ahead, and see if you see anything."

So little Jacob looked and looked for a long time, but he did n't know what he was looking for, and that makes a great difference about seeing a thing.

"I don't see anything," said he. "What is it, Sol — a ship!"

"No, oh no," answered little Sol. "It 's on the water — on the surface. We 've almost got to one of 'em."

So little Jacob looked again, and he saw what looked, at first, like a calm streak on the water. There seemed to be little

sticks sticking up out of the calm streak. Then he saw that it looked like a narrow island, except that it went up and down with the waves. Sometimes he saw one part of it, and then he saw another part.

And the island was all covered with water, and the water near it was calm, and it was a yellowish brown, like seaweed. In a minute or two the *Industry* was ploughing through it, and he could see that it was a great mass of floating seaweed that gave way, before the ship, like water, and

the little sticks that he had seen, sticking up, were the stems. A little way ahead there was another of the floating islands; and another and another, until the surface of the sea seemed covered with them. They were really fifteen or twenty fathoms apart; but, from a distance, it did n't look as if they were.

"Why, Sol," said little Jacob, in surprise, "it does n't stop the ship at all. I should think it would. What is it?"

"Well," answered little Sol. "I asked one of the men, and he laughed and said it was nothing but seaweed — that the ship would make nothing of it. I was afraid we were running aground. And the man said that the rows — it gets in windrows, like hay that 's being raked up — he said that the windrows were broken

up a good deal by the storm; that he 's often seen 'em stretching as far as the eye could see, and a good deal thicker than these are."

Little Jacob laughed. "What are you laughing at?" asked little Sol, looking up.

"'As far as the eye could see,'" said little Jacob.

"Well," said little Sol, "that 's just what he said, anyway."

"I 'm going to ask your father about it," said little Jacob. "He 'll know all about it. He always knows." And he got up, carefully, and made his way inboard; then he ran aft, to look for Captain Solomon.

He found Captain Solomon on the quarter deck, leaning against the part of the cabin that stuck up through the deck.

He was half sitting on it and looking out at the rows of seaweed that they passed. So little Jacob asked him.

"Yes, Jacob," answered Captain Solomon, "it's just seaweed, nothing but seaweed. We're just on the edge of the Sargasso Sea, and that means nothing but Seaweed Sea. The weed gets in long rows, just as you see it now, only the rows are apt to be longer and not so broken up. It's the wind that does it, and the ocean currents. It's my belief that the wind is the cause of the currents, too. I've seen acres of this weed packed so tight together that it looked as if we were sailing on my south meadow just at haying time. I don't see that south meadow at haying time very often, now, but I shall see it, please God, pretty soon."

"Well," said little Jacob, "I should think that it would get all tangled up so that it would stop the ship."

"My south meadow?" asked Captain Solomon. He was thinking of haying, and he had forgotten the Seaweed Sea.

Little Jacob laughed. "No, sir," he answered. "The seaweed. Why doesn't it get all tangled like ropes, so that it stops the ship?"

"The plants aren't long enough," said Captain Solomon. "Come, we 'll get some of it for you."

"Oh!" cried little Jacob. "Will you? Thank you, sir."

And Captain Solomon told two of the sailors to come and to bring a big bucket. The bucket had a long rope fastened across, and the end was long enough to

reach from the water up to the deck of the *Industry*. They use buckets like that to dip up the salt water; and, when the ship is going the sailors have to be very careful and very quick or they will lose the bucket, it pulls so hard.

So one sailor dipped the bucket just as they were passing over one of the rows of seaweed; and the other sailor took hold of the rope, too, as soon as he had dipped the bucket, and they pulled it up and set it on deck. Captain Solomon stooped and took up a plant. There were two plants in the bucket. Little Sol had come when he saw the sailors with the bucket.

And Captain Solomon showed the boys that a plant was about the size of a cabbage, and that it had a great many little

balloons that grew on it about as big as a pea, and these balloons were filled with air to make the plant float. Some of them were almost as big as a nut, and little Sol and little Jacob had fun trying to make them pop.

Then little Sol found a tiny fish in the bucket that was just the color of the weed; and little Jacob saw another, and then he saw a crab drop from the weed that Captain Solomon was holding, and the crab was just the color of the weed, too. And they amused themselves for a long time with hunting for the queer fishes and crabs and shrimps, and something that was like a mussel, but it wasn't just like one, either. And they found a place in the weed where were some little balls. And they opened the balls, and

little Sol said he 'd bet that they were where some animal laid its eggs. But little Jacob did n't say anything, for he

did n't pretend to know anything about it. But Captain Solomon got tired of holding that weed, so he dropped it back into the

bucket and went away. And, at last, when little Jacob and little Sol got tired of hunting for things in the weed, the sailors threw it over into the ocean again.

And that 's all.

THE FLYING-FISH STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business

with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The river and the ocean are there yet, as they always have been and always will be; and the city is there, but it is a different kind of a city from what it used to be. And the wharf is slowly falling down, for it is not used now; and the narrow road down the steep hill is all grown up with weeds and grass.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

Once, the brig *Industry* had sailed from Boston for a far country and she had got down into the warm parts of the ocean. Little Jacob and little Sol had gone on that voyage. Little Sol always got out on deck, in the morning, a little while before little Jacob got out. And, one morning, he had gone on deck and little Jacob was hurrying to finish his breakfast, when little Sol came running back and stuck his head in at the cabin door.

"Oh, Jake," he called, "come out here, quick! There are fishes with wings on 'em, and they are flying all 'round."

Then little Jacob was very much excited, and he wanted to leave the rest of his breakfast and go out. All of a sudden he found that he was n't hungry. But

Captain Solomon was there, and he smiled at little Jacob's eagerness.

"Better finish your breakfast, Jacob," he said. "The flying fish won't go away — not before you get through."

"Thank you, sir," said little Jacob. "I 'm all through. I don't feel hungry for any more."

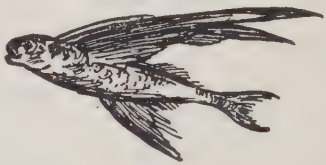
"All right," said Captain Solomon. "But if you and Sol get hungry you can go to the cook. I have an idea that he will have something for you."

Little Jacob was already half way up the cabin steps. "Thank you, sir," he said; but there was some doubt whether he had heard. Captain Solomon smiled again and got up and followed him.

Little Sol was in his favorite place on the bowsprit, and little Jacob was going

there as fast as he could. He settled himself in his place and began to look around.

"Where, Sol?" he asked. "Where are the — oh!"



For, just ahead of the ship, a school of fish suddenly leaped out of the water, and went flying about fifteen or twenty feet above the water for a hundred feet or more. And they kept coming. Little Jacob could hear the humming of their long fins, but he couldn't see their fins, they went so fast. Little Sol had thought they were wings; and it was as nearly

right to call them wings as to call them fins.

"Oo—o, Sol!" cried little Jacob. "*Aren't* they pretty? And aren't they small? And don't they fly fast?"

"M—m," said little Sol.

"Look at these over there!" cried little Jacob, again. "See! They are flying faster than the ship is going. They are beating us!"

Little Jacob was pointing to some fish that were flying in the same direction that the *Industry* was sailing. They went ahead of her and dropped into the water.

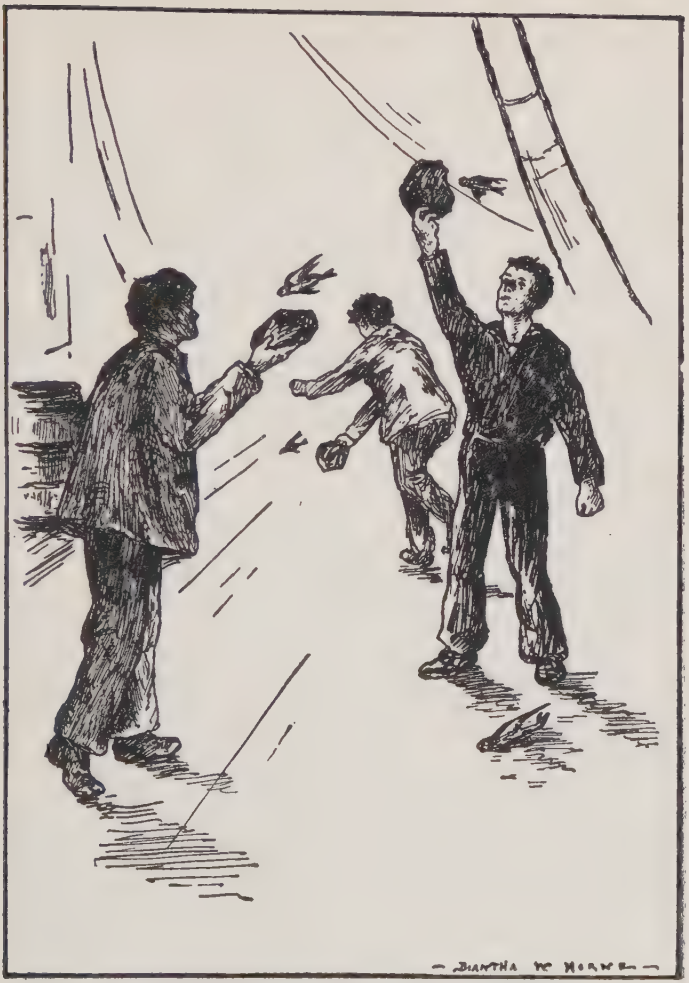
"H'mph!" said little Sol. "There isn't much wind, anyway. If there was, I 'll bet they would n't beat us." There really was a good deal of wind.

"But are n't they pretty colors, Sol?" said little Jacob. "They 're all colors of blue and silvery. I can't see them very plainly, they go so fast. I wish I could see them plainer."

Captain Solomon was standing near enough to hear what little Jacob said.

"If you 'll come inboard, Jacob," said Captain Solomon, "you can see them. We 're catching them."

And little Jacob turned his head, and then he scrambled in. Now and then some of the flying fish flew right across the deck of the *Industry*. And some of them came down on the deck, and some struck against the masts and ropes; and the sailors were standing all about, looking excited, as if they were playing a game. They had their caps in their hands, and



"THE SAILORS WERE HAVING A GOOD TIME"

when the fish flew across the deck, they tried to catch them in their caps. And some they caught and some they did n't; but the sailors were having a good time, and they laughed and shouted at their play.

And a sailor who had just caught a fish in his cap brought it to little Jacob.

"Now you can see it plainer," said Captain Solomon.

Little Jacob looked and he saw a fish that was less than a foot long, and the color on its back was a deep, ocean blue, and the fins were a darker blue, and it was all silvery underneath. And it had long fins coming out of its shoulders, almost as long as the fish, and they looked very strong and almost like a swallow's wings.

By and by little Jacob looked up at

Captain Solomon. "Why do the men want to catch so many of them?" he asked. "Because it's fun?"

"Well, no," said Captain Solomon. "It is great fun. I've done it myself, in my day. But these fish are very good to eat. Any kind of fresh meat is a good thing, when you know there's nothing better than salted meat to fall back on. You'll see how good they are, at dinner."

Little Jacob sighed. "Oh," he said. "Thank you for showing me."

And he was rather sober as he went back to his place on the bowsprit to watch. But when dinner time came, he ate some of the flying fish and thought they were very nice, indeed.

And that's all.

THE LOG-BOOK STORY

NCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships had to go on that narrow

road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that, their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

Once, in the long ago, the brig *Industry* had sailed from Boston for a far country, and little Jacob and little Sol had gone on that voyage. Little Jacob and little Sol were very much interested in the things that they saw every day and in the things that were done every day on the ship by the sailors and by the mates and by

Captain Solomon. But those things that happened the same sort of way, every day, interested little Jacob more than they did little Sol. Little Sol liked to see them a few times, until he knew just what to expect, and then he liked to be out on the bowsprit, seeing the things that he didn't expect; or he liked to be doing things. And the things that he did were the sort of things that nobody else expected. So the things that little Sol did were an amusement to the sailors and to the mates; and sometimes they were an amusement to Captain Solomon and sometimes they weren't. When they didn't amuse Captain Solomon they didn't usually amuse little Sol, either.

Every captain of a ship keeps a sort of diary, or journal, of the voyage that ship

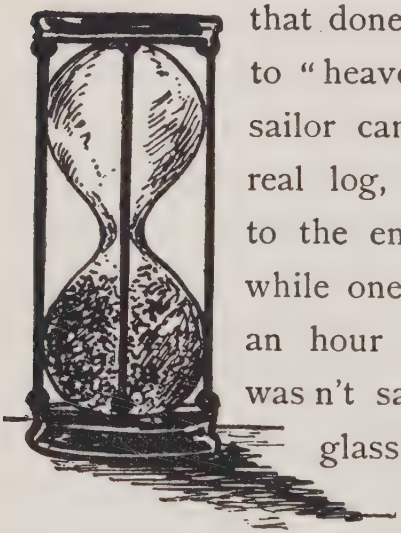
is making. This diary is usually called the ship's log. And every day he writes in it what happened that day; the courses the ship sailed and the number of miles she sailed on each course; the sails that were set and the direction and strength of the wind; and the state of the weather and the exact part of the ocean she was in and the time that she was there.

The exact part of the ocean that the ship is in is usually found by looking at the sun, just at noon, through a little three-cornered thing, called a sextant, that is small enough for the captain or the mate to hold in his hands; and by seeing what time it is, by a sort of clock, when the sun is the very highest. Then the captain goes down into the cabin and does some arithmetic out of a book, using the things

that his sextant had told him, and he finds just exactly where the ship was at noon of that day. Then he pricks the position of the ship on a chart, which is a map of the ocean, so that he can see how well she is going on her course.

Sometimes it is cloudy at noon, so that he can't look at the sun then, but it clears up after dark. Then the captain looks through his sextant at the moon, or at some bright star, and finds his position that way. And sometimes it is cloudy for several days together, so that he can't take an observation with his sextant in all that time. Captains don't like it very well when it is cloudy for several days together, for then they have nothing to tell them just where the ship is, but what is called "dead reckoning."

Captain Solomon usually had the speed at which the ship was sailing measured several times every day. When he wanted



that done, he called a sailor to "heave the log;" and the sailor came and took up a real log, or board, fastened to the end of a long rope, while one of the mates held an hour glass. But there was n't sand enough in the glass to run for an hour, but it would run for half a minute. And when the mate gave the word, the sailor dropped the log over the stern of the ship and the mate turned the glass. And the sailor held the reel with the rope on it, so that the rope would run off freely, and he counted,

aloud, the knots in the rope as it ran out. For the rope had knots of colored leather in it, and the knots were just far enough apart so that the number of knots that ran out in half a minute would show the number of sea miles that the ship was sailing in an hour. And when the sand in the glass had all run out, the mate gave the word again, and the sailor stopped the rope from running out. So Captain Solomon knew about how many miles the *Industry* had sailed on each course, and he could put it down in his book.

That was n't a very good way to tell where the ship was, by adding up all the courses she had sailed and getting her speed on each course, and adding all these to the last place that they knew about,

but, when Captain Solomon could n't get an observation with his sextant, it was the only way there was. That is n't the way they tell, now-a-days, how many miles a ship has sailed, for there is a better way that gives, more exactly than the old-fashioned "log," the number of miles. But they still have to add up all the courses and the miles sailed on each course to find a ship's place, when they can't take an observation. That is what is called "dead reckoning," and it is n't a very good way at its best.

Little Jacob liked to watch Captain Solomon writing up the log for the day. He always wrote it just after dinner. And when he had finished dinner, he would get out the book and clear a place on the table to put it; and then he took a quill

"LITTLE JACOB LIKED TO WATCH CAPTAIN SOLOMON"

pen in his great fist and wrote, very slowly, and with flourishes. And when he had it done he always passed the book over to little Jacob.

"There, Jacob," he said, with a smile. "That please you?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered little Jacob. "Thank you, sir." And he began to read.

One day, when they had been out of Boston about three weeks, little Jacob watched Captain Solomon write up the log, and, when he got it, he thought he would turn back to some days that he knew about and read what Captain Solomon had said about them. And so he did.

October 2, 1796. 8 days out. Comes in fresh gales & Flying clouds. Middle & latter part much the same, with all proper sail spread. Im-

ploy'd varnishing Deck and scraping Foreyard. Saw a Brig and two Ships standing to the N. & W. A school of porpoises about the ship a good part of the Morning, of which the Crew harpooned a good number and got them on deck. I fear they are too many for us to acct. for before they go Bad.

Course ESE 186 miles. Wind fresh from S. & W. Observatn, Lat. 34 20 N.
Long. 53 32 W.

That did n't seem to little Jacob to be enough to say about the porpoises. He sighed and turned to another day.

October 5, 1796. 11 days out. Comes in Fresh breezes and a rough sea fr. S. & E. Spoke Brig Transit of Workington fr. — S. Salvador for Hamburg. Middle & latter part moderate with clear skies and beautiful weather. Ran into some weed and running threw it off and on all day.

Courses ESE 98 m. Wind strong fr. N. & E., moderating to gentle airs.

SSE. 54 m. Observatn.,

152 Lat. 30 22 N.

Long. 47 30 W.

And it seemed to little Jacob that it was a shame to say no more than that about that strange Seaweed Sea and the curious things that were to be found in it. But it was Captain Solomon's log and not little Jacob's. He turned to another day, to see what there was about the flying fish.

October 11, 1796. 17 days out of Boston. Comes in with good fresh Trades and flying clouds. Middle & latter part much the same. Saw a ship standing on our course. Not near enough to speak her. At daylight passed the ship abt. 5 miles to windward. All proper sail spread.

Great numbers of Flying Fish (Sea Swallows)

all about the ship, and the men imploy'd in catching them. It gave the men much pleasure and a deal of sport and the Fish very good eating.
Course SSE 203 miles. Wind NE. strong, Trades. Observatn., Lat. 18 10 N.
Long. 37 32 W.
Chronometer loses *too much*.
Took Spica and Aquila at 7 p. m.,
Long. 35 30 W.

Little Jacob didn't know what Spica and Aquila were, and he asked Captain Solomon.

"They are stars, Jacob, and rather bright ones," said Captain Solomon. "My chronometer—my clock, you know—was losing a good deal, and I looked through my sextant at them to find out where we really were."

"Oh," said little Jacob; but he didn't understand very well, and Captain Solomon

saw that he did n't. It was n't strange that he did n't understand.

Little Jacob sat looking at the log book and he did n't say anything for a long time.

Captain Solomon smiled. "Well, Jacob," he said, at last, "what are you thinking about? I guess you were thinking that you wished that you had the log to write up. Then you could say more about the things that were interesting. Were n't you?"

Little Jacob got very red. "Oh, no sir," he said. "That is, I — well, you see, the things that are new and interesting to me — well, I s'pose you have seen them so many times that it does n't seem worth while to you to say much about them."

"That is a part of the reason," answered Captain Solomon. "The other part is

that it does n't seem necessary. Anything that concerns the ship is put down. We don't have time — nor we don't have the wish — to put down anything else."

"Of course," said little Jacob, "it is n't necessary."

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do, Jacob," said Captain Solomon. "I 'll let you write up the log, and then you can write as much as you like about anything that interests you."

Little Jacob got very red again. "*Oh!*" he cried, getting up in his excitement. "Will you let me do that? *Thank* you. I thank you very much. But — but how shall I put down all those numbers that show how the ship goes?"

"I 'll give you the numbers, as you call them," said Captain Solomon, "and I 'll

look over the log every day, to see that you put them down right."

"I 'll put them down just exactly the way you tell me to," said little Jacob. "And I thank you very much. And I—I write pretty well."

And little Jacob ran to find little Sol and to tell him about how he was going to write the log of the voyage, after that. And he did write it, numbers and all, and it was a very interesting and well written log. For little Jacob could write very well indeed; rather better than Captain Solomon. Captain Solomon knew that when he said that little Jacob could write it.

And that 's all.

THE SHARK STORY

NCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years, and all the sailors and all the captains and all the

men who had business with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's, and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that, their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

Once the brig *Industry* had sailed for a far country. Little Jacob and little Sol had gone on that voyage, and they always raced through their breakfast so that they could get out on deck and see what there was to see. Little Sol generally beat and went on deck first, but sometimes little Jacob was first. The reason that little

Sol generally beat was that little Jacob had been brought up not to hurry through his meals, but to wait for the older people; and he had to wait, anyway, because he could n't get the second part until his father and his mother, and any company they had, had finished the first part. Then the first part was carried out and the second part was brought in; and little Jacob had to sit quietly in his chair with his hands folded in his lap until it came in. But little Sol did n't bother much about those things.

One morning little Jacob and little Sol had raced through breakfast, as they always did, and they had finished at exactly the same time, because little Jacob hurried. Then they both tried to go on deck at the same time. They managed to go

up the cabin steps together, but they could n't get through the door together without squeezing very tightly. And, in that squeezing, little Jacob caught his jacket on the lock of the door so that the jacket tore. But little Jacob did n't know it, and he kept on pushing, and at last he and little Sol went bouncing out and fell sprawling on the deck.

Captain Solomon was sitting in the cabin, and he laughed to see them go sprawling out, but he thought that he guessed the little boys had done enough of that racing business. For somebody would have to mend little Jacob's jacket and, besides, there was danger that little Jacob would forget his manners, and that would never do. Little Jacob had beautiful manners. So Captain Solomon made

up his mind that Sol would have to wait until little Jacob finished his breakfast, after that, and then they should go up the cabin steps like little gentlemen and not push and crowd and tear their jackets. And that would be a good thing for little Sol, too, but he would n't like it at first. Captain Solomon did n't care whether he liked it or not.

The little boys did n't know what Captain Solomon was thinking about, and they laughed and picked themselves up and looked around. And they did n't see anything but water all about, and the bright sunshine, and one or two little hilly clouds, and all the many sails of the *Industry*. For they were still in the trade winds where it is generally good weather. And they saw the mate, and he was stand-

ing at the stern and looking down into the water behind the ship.

"Let's see what Mr. Steele is looking at," said little Sol.

"All right," said little Jacob, "let's."

So the two little boys walked to the stern and leaned on the rail and looked down at the water. But first little Jacob said "Good morning" to the mate.

"Good morning, Jacob," said the mate. "Now, what do you see there?"

"I know," cried little Sol. "It's a shark."

"Oh, is it?" cried little Jacob. He was very much interested and excited. "Where is it, Sol?"

Little Sol pointed. "Right there," he said. "You can see his back fin, just as plain."

And little Jacob looked again, and he saw all the little swirls and bubbles and foam that made the wake of the ship, and right in the middle of it all he saw a great three-cornered thing sticking up out of the water. It was dark colored, and it followed after the ship as if it were fastened to it.

"Is that his back fin?" asked little Jacob, "that three-cornered thing? I don't see the rest of him."

"If you look hard," said Mr. Steele, "you 'll make him out. He 's clear enough to me."

Little Jacob looked hard and at last he saw the shark himself; but there were so many bubbles and swirls, and the shark was colored so exactly like the water, as he looked down into it, that it was n't

"'RIGHT THERE,' HE SAID, 'YOU CAN SEE HIS BACK FIN.'"

easy to see him. Both the little boys watched him for some time without saying anything.

At last little Jacob sighed. "He's pretty big," he said. "Why do you suppose he follows the ship that way? It's just as if we were towing him."

"Well," said the mate, "I never had a chance to ask any shark that question — and get an answer — but I think it's to get what the cook throws overboard." The mate turned and looked forward. "I see the cook now, with a bucket of scraps. You watch Mr. Shark."

Little Jacob and little Sol both looked and they saw the cook walking from the galley with his bucket. The galley is the kitchen of the ship. And he emptied the bucket over the side. Then the two little

boys looked quickly at the shark again, to see what he would do.

They saw the shark leave his place at the stern of the *Industry* as the things came floating by, and they saw him turn over on his side and eat one or two of the things. He took them into his mouth slowly, as though he had plenty of time; or it seemed as if he ate them slowly. Really, he didn't. They lost sight of him, for he stayed at that place until every scrap was gone.

Little Jacob smiled. "He doesn't have to race through his breakfast," he said, "does he, Sol? Did you see that his underneath parts were white? I wonder why that is. I s'pose it's because anything that looks down looks into darkness, and anything that looks up

looks into lightness. Is that why, Mr. Steele?"

"So that the fish would n't see him coming?" asked Mr. Steele. "Well, Jacob, to tell you the truth, I never thought much about it. And I don't really know how a shark would look from underneath, in the water. The pearl divers in India could tell you. But I guess that comes as near to the reason as any other — near enough, anyway. I've no doubt that his coloring makes him very hard to see, in the water."

"I would like to see the pearl divers," said little Jacob, "but I s'pose I can't. And I 'm rather glad the shark is gone."

"Huh!" said little Sol. "He is n't gone. He only stopped a minute. He 'll be back. Won't he, Mr. Steele?"

Mr. Steele smiled. "There he comes, now."

And the boys looked and they saw the three-cornered fin cutting through the

water at a great rate. The shark caught up with the ship easily and took his old place, just astern.

The shark stayed with the *Industry* all of that day, and little Jacob watched him once in a while. He thought the shark was kind of horrible and he wished that he would go away. But he did n't, that day or that night, or the next. And Captain Solomon did n't like it, either.

So, when Captain Solomon saw him on the third morning, he spoke to the mate.

"Better get rid of that fellow, Mr. Steele," he said. "Got a shark hook?"

"Yes, sir," answered the mate. "But I 'm afraid it is n't big enough for him."

But Captain Solomon told him to try it, anyway. And he called some of the sailors and told them to rig a tackle on the end of the mainyard. That was so that it would be easy to haul the shark in, when they hooked him. And he went down and got

the shark hook. It was a great, enormous fishhook and it had about a yard of chain hitched to it, because if it was rope that went in the shark's mouth, he might bite it off. And a large rope ran through the blocks of the tackle, and the sailors hitched the end of that rope to the end of the chain. A lot of sailors took hold of the other end of the rope, and they stood with the rope in their hands ready to run away with it, just as they did when they were hoisting a yard with a sail.

Then the cook came with a big chunk of fat salt pork, and he put it on the hook so that the point of the hook was all covered. And the mate looked at it, to see if it was done right, and he saw that it was.

"Slack away on the line," he called to the sailors.

And they let out the rope, until the mate thought that there was enough let out, and then he threw the hook, that was baited with the salt pork, overboard, and it trailed out astern.

The shark saw the pork and he left his place at the stern and went over to see about it. First he seemed to smell of it and make up his mind that it was good to eat. Then he turned lazily over upon his side, showing his whitish belly, and opened his mouth and swallowed the pork, with the hook inside it, and nearly all of the chain. Little Jacob was watching him, and he saw that the shark's mouth was not at the end of his nose, as most fishes' mouths are, but it was quite a way back from his snout, on the under side. And he saw his teeth quite clearly. There were

a great many of them, and they seemed to be in rows. Little Jacob didn't have time to count the rows, but he thought that the teeth looked very cruel. The shark's mouth was big enough to take in a man whole. And then the mate, who still had his hand on the rope, jerked it with all his might.

What happened then was never quite clear to little Jacob. He heard the sailors running away with their end of the rope and shouting a chanty and stamping their feet. And he saw the water alongside the ship being all foamed up by an enormous monster that seemed large enough for a whale. Then some water came up from the ocean and hit him in the face, so that he couldn't see for a few minutes and his jacket was all wet through. But the noise kept on.

When little Jacob could see again, the enormous monster was half out of the water and rising slowly to the yard-arm, while he made a tremendous commotion with his tail in the water, and a sailor was just reaching out with an axe. The sailor struck twice with the axe, but little Jacob did n't see where. Then the shark dropped back into the ocean with a great splash and out of sight.

"Well!" said the mate. "He 's a good one! Took a good shark hook with him and pretty near a fathom of new chain!

And when little Jacob had got his breath back again, he ran down into the cabin to write all about the shark in the log-book.

And that 's all.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships had

to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that, their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

Once, in the long ago, the brig *Industry* had sailed from Boston for far countries, and she had been gone about three months. She was going to Java, first, to get coffee and sugar and other things that they have in Java; and then she was going to Manila and then back to India and home again. It was almost Christmas time. Little Jacob and little Sol were on board the

Industry on that voyage, and it seemed very strange to them that it should be hot at Christmas time. But they were just about at the equator, or a little bit south of it, and it is always hot there; and besides, it is summer at Christmas time south of the equator. So little Jacob and Sol had on their lightest and coolest clothes, and they had straw hats on; but they didn't run about and play much, it was so hot.

The two little boys were lying stretched out in the shadow of a great sail, and they had their hands behind their heads, and they looked up at the tall masts and the yards and the great white sails and once in a while they saw a little hilly cloud, and they didn't say anything for a long time. Finally little Jacob spoke to little Sol.

"What are you thinking about, Sol?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, much," answered little Sol. "I was thinking it would be fun to be sitting up on the very tip top of the mainmast and letting my feet hang down and swinging back and forth with the mast. Maybe I could see Java."

Little Jacob shivered to think of sitting on top of the mast. "My, Sol!" he said. "You'd fall. There's nothing to hold on to."

"Oh, I'm not going to try it, Jake," said little Sol. "Father'd give it to me, if I did. You know the time I fell overboard?"

Little Jacob nodded. "Well, then," said little Sol. "I guess a boy'd be foolish to try that twice."

Little Jacob nodded again. "Did he thrash you, Sol?" he asked.

Little Sol smiled. "*Did n't* he, though?" he said. "Ever get a thrashing, Jake?"

Little Jacob hesitated. "Well," he said, slowly, "sometimes — with a slipper."

"Huh!" said little Sol, with much scorn. "That 's nothing. My father don't use any slipper."

Little Jacob thought it was time to change the subject. "What makes you think that you could see Java from up there?"

"I don't s'pose I could, really," answered little Sol. "But father said that we ought to sight it within two days."

"To-morrow is Christmas," remarked little Jacob, thoughtfully. "I 'd rather like to be at home, on Christmas."

"Well, you can't," said little Sol. "You 're thousands of miles from home. I wonder what they 'll have for dinner."

"We generally have lots of things for Christmas dinner," said little Jacob, in a stifled little voice, "goose and apple sauce, and potatoes and squash and ——"

"I don't mean at home, Jake," said little Sol, gently. "I mean here. We always have good things at home, too. But we have n't any goose or anything else except salt junk and plum duff. I s'pose it 'll be that."

But little Jacob did n't say anything because he could n't speak. He tilted his hat over his eyes and thought how nice it was at home at Christmas time, and how sorry Lois, his mother, would be that he was n't there, and how sorry his little

sister Lois would be. He did n't know about his father, Captain Jacob, but he thought that perhaps he would be sorry, too; and he knew that his grandfather, Captain Jonathan, would be sorry. He was very fond of his grandfather because Captain Jonathan was always nice and kind and gentle and he seemed to understand little boys. And, at last, little Jacob jammed his hat on straight and got up and ran down into the cabin to write his mother a letter. Captain Solomon would leave the letter in Java for some ship to take home. When he had written the letter he felt better.

When the two little boys came out on deck the next morning, they went forward among the sailors; and they wished each man a Merry Christmas and they gave

each one some little thing that they had found. The things were some things that Captain Solomon had brought to give away, although he did not expect, when he brought them, to give them to the sailors. And the men seemed very much pleased, and they wished little Jacob and little Sol a Merry Christmas, too, and some of the men had presents for the boys. These presents were usually something that the men had whittled out of ivory or bone or ebony. And little Jacob and little Sol had n't expected that the men would give them any presents, and they were delighted; and, by the time they had got through giving the men presents their jacket pockets bulged out with all the things the men had given them.

But one thing little Jacob did n't put in

his pocket, for fear that he would break it. That was a little model of the brig *Industry*, about three inches long. The hull of the model was cut out of ebony, and the masts and spars were little ebony sticks stuck in, and the sails were of ivory, scraped thin, and the ropes were silk thread. And the sails were bulging, as if the wind was filling them and making them stand out from the yards. Altogether, it was a most beautiful model, and little Jacob was so surprised and pleased that, for some time, he could n't say anything to the sailor who had given it to him.

"Is this for me?" he said, at last. "For *me?*"

That sailor was an old man. The little crinkles came around his eyes as he smiled down at little Jacob.

"'YES, LITTLE LAD,' HE SAID. 'FOR YOU — IF YOU WANT IT.'"

"Yes, little lad," he said. "For you — if you want it. And with a Merry Christmas!"

"Oh," cried little Jacob, "if I want it! I think it is the — most — beautiful — thing I ever saw. I can't thank you enough."

You should have seen the old sailor's face when little Jacob said that. The crinkles were so deep that you could hardly have seen his eyes.

"To see your face now is thanks enough for me," he said.

"But — but," said little Jacob, "Sol has n't got anything half so pretty as this."

"Never you mind about Sol," said the old man, in a whisper that Sol could hear perfectly well. "He 'll be havin' a ship of his own, one o' these days soon. What does he care about models?"

And he looked at Sol and winked. And Sol straightened his shoulders and stopped looking disappointed. "That 's what I will," said Sol.

And the boys stayed with the old sailor for a long time, and the sailor pointed to something that was blue and dim on the water, far away.

"See that land?" he said. "That 's Christmas Island on Christmas mornin'."

CHRISTMAS ISLAND 1st VIEW, BEARING N BY E

And the boys asked if they would go near the island, and he said that they would go pretty near. And little Jacob said that he would get some paper and

draw the island when they came near it, and he would put it in the log book. And so he did, and he made it look like the pictures here. When little Jacob had it all written in the log-book about the presents and about his little model of the *Industry* and about Christmas Island, it was time for dinner.

When the little boys went in to dinner, they were both very much surprised; for

CHRISTMAS ISLAND, 2nd VIEW, BEARING SW

there, on the table, was a real goose, beautifully browned over and smoking hot, and there was apple sauce to eat with it. And there was squash and potato and cabbage

and ham and almost as many different things as little Jacob would have had if he had been at home. And behind the goose stood Captain Solomon sharpening the carving knife, and he was smiling.

Little Jacob did n't ask how he managed to have fresh goose, but he evidently wanted to; so Captain Solomon told him that the cook had kept it alive in the long boat all that long time, so as to be sure to have goose for their Christmas dinner. The long boat was kept high up above the men's heads, on a sort of framework, so that little Jacob had never seen the goose; but the cook had had a great deal of trouble to keep the boys from hearing it, and he had had to make it a secret with the sailors and sometimes he had the sailors take it down into the forecastle while little Jacob and little Sol were playing about. The

forecastle is the place where the sailors sleep, and the little boys never went there. But little Sol rather suspected that there was something that the cook was hiding from them, although he had never found out what it was.

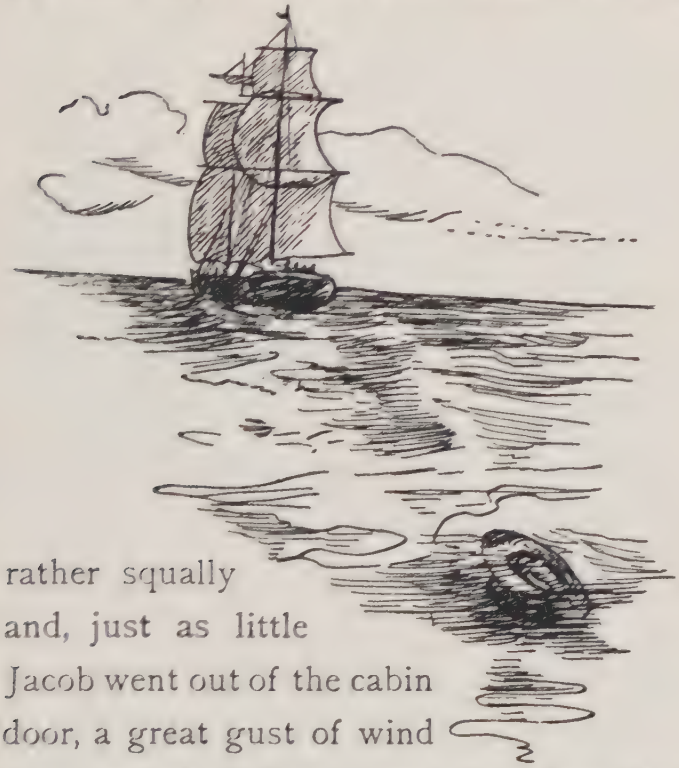
And, when they were through eating their goose, they had squash pie and apple pie, two kinds, and potato pie; but they were n't quite like the pies they would have had at home because the cook did n't have any butter to make the crust with, and his lard was n't very good because they had been in the hot oceans for so long. And they had some very nice steamed pudding with raisins in it, and there were lots of raisins.

When they were through eating their pudding and all the kinds of pies, little Jacob was filled up about to his chin, and

there was just room enough left for an apple and some nuts and raisins. And they had the apples and the nuts and raisins; all the kinds of nuts that they had at home and another kind of nut that little Jacob had never seen before. He did n't know whether to call it a nut or a raisin. It had a thin shell and it was nearly as big as an English walnut, but inside the shell was a raisin; and the raisin had a single stone inside it, a little bigger than a cherry stone. Little Jacob and little Sol thought that these raisinuts tasted very good indeed, and they did n't care whether they were raisins or nuts. Little Sol invented the name, raisinuts.

At last they were through dinner, and the little boys got up, very slowly, for they were filled as full as they could hold. And

they walked slowly to the cabin steps and up the steps and out on deck. It was



rather squally and, just as little Jacob went out of the cabin door, a great gust of wind came and took his straw hat and carried it sailing away over the ocean. You can't stop a ship to get a straw hat, and little

Jacob watched it go sailing away on the gust of wind and settle into the ocean; but he was sorry, for it was the only straw hat he had, and it was too hot to wear his white beaver hat. But he thought that he would n't wear any hat until they got to Java and then he would get another straw.

When little Jacob had watched his hat out of sight, he went into the cabin again to write some more on his letter to his mother.

And that 's all.

THE SOUNDING STORY

NCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships

had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that, their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

Once, in the long ago, the brig *Industry* had sailed from Boston for far countries and little Jacob and little Sol had gone in her. And she had got to Java and anchored near the place where they got water and they had sent some sailors ashore in boats to fill the water casks. And they had got the water and come

back; and the boats and the water casks had been hoisted on board, and they had hoisted the anchor and sailed away, through the straits, for Anger. You might not be able to find that place on a map of Java, but that is what Captain Solomon says in his log-book, so it must be right.

They got to Anger the next morning, and Captain Solomon went ashore in his boat, with sailors to row it; for he wanted to send some letters and he wanted to find out what he would have to pay for sugar and for coffee. He had the letters in a bag. There were three that sailors had written; that does n't seem many letters for a whole crew of sailors to write after they have been at sea for three months, but sailors are n't much at writing letters, anyway. And there were about half a

dozen that Captain Solomon had written, and some from the mates; and there was one that little Sol had scrawled to his mother, and there was the great thick letter that little Jacob had written to his mother. Captain Solomon could n't take little Sol and little Jacob ashore with him because he thought he would be too busy to look after them. The *Industry* did n't even anchor, but she sailed back and forth, in front of the town, waiting for Captain Solomon's boat to come back.

At last Captain Solomon had heard all the news and had sent his letters and had found out the price of sugar and of coffee and had learned what ships were at Batavia. Batavia is a city in Java, not far from Anger, and Captain Solomon was going there on his way back. And he had got

some fresh vegetables and some turtle and some fresh fowl of a Chinaman, and all his errands were done. So he came back to the ship and got on board and the boat was hoisted up and more sail was set; and the *Industry* sailed on her way through Sunda strait. Captain Solomon called it Sunday strait. A strait is a rather narrow passage from one sea to another. Sunda strait leads from the Indian Ocean to Java Sea; and, after that, there were some more straits leading to the China Sea.

Late in the afternoon the wind got lighter; and as there was a strong current setting towards the southwest, through the straits, they could n't sail as fast as the current carried them. So the *Industry* was carried back to Anger; but she started

again very early in the morning, when there was more wind and when the tide was different.

When little Jacob and little Sol came on deck they saw three ships, going the other way. They wondered what they were, and they asked the mate. And the mate smiled and said that two of the ships were Dutch and he supposed that they were going to Batavia. And he thought that the other ship was American and he hoped that it would take the letters they had left at Anger. Little Jacob hoped that it would; but little Sol did n't seem to care. And, all of that day, they watched for more ships, and they saw land, now and then, far off on the horizon. It was very hot, for they were almost at the equator; so that even little Sol was contented to keep still.

And, towards night, they saw one of the sailors getting the lead line ready.

The lead is just a big lump of lead, like a sinker that is used on a fishing line, and it is tied to the end of a long line that has the fathoms marked on it in much the same way that the log line has the knots marked; but the marks on the lead line are really six feet apart. And the lead itself has the lower end just a little bit hollowed. The sailor who was getting it ready first made sure that the line was all clear, without any knots or kinks in it. And, when he had seen that the line was all right, he took up the lead and smeared some grease on the bottom of it. The sailor was the old man who had given little Jacob the model of the brig.

Little Jacob was surprised. "What is that?" he asked. "Is it grease?"

The sailor was amused. "It's grease," he said, "sure enough."

"And what is it for?" asked little Jacob again. "I hope you don't mind telling me."

"No, lad," said the sailor. "Be sure I'll tell you. It's to bring up some of the bottom so's the cap'n can tell where we are."

Little Jacob did n't understand. "I don't see," he said, "how Captain Solomon can tell where we are, that way."

The sailor laughed. "Well, no," he said. "I s'pose you don't. Well, it's this way. The bottom of the sea is different in different places. In some parts it's mud and in other parts it's gray sand and in others

it's black sand and in others yet it's yellow sand, and so on. In the deep oceans it's different yet, but no lead will reach it. And every good sailor man, such as Cap'n Solomon is, should know the bottom he'll find on the course he sails. And when I heave this lead, it tells him how much water he's got under him and the kind of bottom, for the lead brings up a little of the mud or the sand that sticks to the grease. That's how it is."

Little Jacob thought that he understood. "And will you heave the lead now?" he asked.

"I heave the lead when I'm ordered to," said the old man. "But I'm thinking the cap'n won't want it hove till after dark. There's no lights, hereabouts, you see. Lighthouses," he added, seeing

that little Jacob did n't know what he meant.

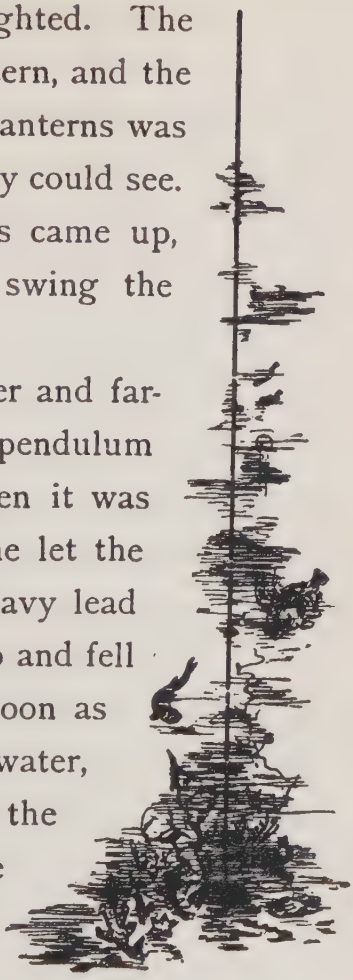
"Oh," said little Jacob. And he went off to find Captain Solomon and to ask him if he might stay up that night, until they hove the lead. Heaving the lead is called sounding. And Captain Solomon laughed and said that he guessed so.

So little Jacob did n't go to bed so early as he generally did, but he stayed up to see them heave the lead. And, about nine o'clock, Captain Solomon called little Jacob and little Sol and told them that they had better be ready, for he was just going to begin taking soundings. So the two boys went to look for the sailor with the lead line.

They found him standing by the rail just where the ship was widest, and by his

side was a lantern, lighted. The mate had another lantern, and the light from those two lanterns was the only light that they could see. And, just as the boys came up, the sailor began to swing the lead to and fro.

He swung it farther and farther, each time, like a pendulum to a clock. And, when it was swinging pretty far, he let the line go, so that the heavy lead went ahead of the ship and fell into the water. As soon as he heard it strike the water, the sailor grabbed for the line quickly, and he caught it, but he let it slip through his



hand. And he felt the lead strike the bottom. By the time the lead had struck the bottom, the ship had almost caught up to the place where it had gone into the water, so that the line was straight up and down.

The sailor began to pull it in, feeling, with his fingers, for the wet part. When he had come to that, he held it in the light of the lantern for a moment.

"Ten fathom," he called. Then he pulled the lead up.

The mate took it and looked at the part that had been greased. "Mud," he said; and he wiped it off on his finger and showed it to Captain Solomon.

"All right," said Captain Solomon, when he had looked at the mud. "Better keep the lead going for a while."

So the sailor wiped the bottom of the lead clean, and smeared it with grease again. Little Jacob watched him swing it and heave it and pull it in. He wondered whether it was hard or easy to do what the sailor did; whether he could do it when he grew up. The great lead would be too much for a little boy, he knew. But it looked easy.

"Ten and a half," called the sailor, "and mud. I could tell by the feel of it."

"Yes, mud," said the mate, looking at the bottom of the lead.

The lead was kept going, every half hour or so, all night. And, towards sunrise, they got twenty fathoms, and the lead brought up grains of black sand and grains of yellow sand, and they put away the lead line.

But little Jacob did n't know about that, for he was sound asleep in his bunk.

And that's all.

THE TEAK-WOOD STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had

business with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalks were much worn.

Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob owned the wharf and all the ships that sailed from it. The brig *Industry* was one of the ships that used to sail from that wharf, and after Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob moved to Boston she sailed from a wharf in Boston. And she had sailed from the wharf in Boston on a voyage to the far country, and little Jacob and little Sol had gone in her. And she had sailed through the great ocean and past the country where the monkeys lived and through another ocean to India, and she had anchored in a wide river. And many little boats came off to her from a city that there was on the shore of the river,

and they began to take out of the *Industry* all the things she had brought to that country.

Little Jacob and little Sol were as quiet as little boys could be expected to be, for they knew that Captain Solomon was very busy at first. But, at last, the things were all out of the *Industry;* and Captain Solomon had to go ashore to buy things for the ship to take home again. So he had the sailors let down a boat, and he looked around for the boys. And they were so close behind him that he didn't see them until little Sol touched him.

"Hello, boys!" cried Captain Solomon. "Want to go ashore with me?"

"Yes, sir," called out little Jacob and little Sol, together, so that it sounded as if there was only one boy.

"Well, hop in, then," said Captain Solomon.

And little Sol hopped in, and little Jacob hopped in; and Captain Solomon got in, and the sailors rowed them ashore. And they got out of the boat upon some wide stone steps that went down to the water, and the boys were very glad, for it was the first time that they had set foot upon the ground for a long time. And little Jacob was surprised to find that the ground seemed to be waving around just like the deck of the ship, so that he could n't walk very well. And he spoke of it to little Sol, and Captain Solomon heard him, and he gave a great laugh.

"So it does," Captain Solomon said. "So it does. And so it will for the next three days, Jacob, if I 'm not mistaken.

It's queer ground, Jacob, isn't it, to be waving around so? Must be an earthquake."

And little Jacob looked up at Captain Solomon to see whether he was joking or not. For Captain Solomon was very apt to joke, but you could n't tell whether he was or not unless you looked at him, and you could n't tell, even then, unless you knew him pretty well.

And little Jacob decided that Captain Solomon was joking, so he smiled. "Yes, sir," he said. "It must be an earthquake. We were very lucky, were n't we, to be just in time for an earthquake?"

It was Captain Solomon's turn to look at little Jacob to see what he meant.

"Ha! Ha! Very lucky, indeed, Jacob,"

said Captain Solomon. "We 're lucky dogs, Jacob."

And little Sol did n't say anything, but only grinned; and he could do that pretty well. And they went, by queer streets, to the office of Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's agent, who sold the things for them. And after that they went about among the shops and saw all the things that the men had to sell, and Captain Solomon went with them. And the men were very polite to Captain Solomon because they thought he might buy some of their things, but he did n't. And so they did all that day, and, late in the afternoon, they were rowed back to the ship. Little Jacob and little Sol were very tired, and went to sleep right after supper.

The next morning the boat was waiting

for them, and in it were bundles for little Jacob and little Sol. And, after breakfast, they were rowed ashore again to the stone steps. And, at the head of the steps, two bullock carts were waiting for them. Little Jacob was surprised, and he asked Captain Solomon if they were going to see the elephants that his grandfather had spoken of. And Captain Solomon said that they were going to that place, but he did n't know whether the elephants that Captain Jonathan had spoken of had been obliging enough to wait thirty years or not. And little Jacob smiled and got into the bullock cart.

The bullocks went very slowly indeed; and the little boys saw the villages that they passed through on the way, and they saw the women washing the clothes in the

water of the river, and they saw the crocodiles that looked like so many old logs. And, in time, the bullocks got to the place where the elephants were. It was late one afternoon that they got there, so that Captain Solomon thought that they would n't go to see the elephants that night. And, just as Captain Solomon said that, they heard a great gong ring. And Captain Solomon said that it would n't be any use to go to see them then, anyway, for the elephants stopped work when that gong rang, and nobody could get them to do anything after that. And the little boys thought that was queer.

So, early the next morning, they went to the elephant place. It was a great big place, and a high, strong fence was around it on three sides, and on the fourth side

was the river. And, next to the river, were great piles of teak-wood logs, and the logs were piled very nicely and evenly, so that the piles would n't fall down. And, far off at the back of the great yard, next to the forest, were a lot of the logs which were not piled, but were just as they had been dumped there, pell-mell, when they had been brought in from the forest. The logs that were all piled up nicely were to be sent down the river.

Little Jacob and little Sol had just time to see all that, when the great gong rang. Then the elephants began to come out of a big shed that was in the back of the yard, and the little boys saw that some of the elephants had mahouts, or drivers, on them but the most of them did n't have any drivers. And the mahouts sat on the

necks of their elephants, just back of the heads, and each mahout had an elephant-goad, something like an ox-goad, only that it was shorter and the end that was sharp was bent around so that it was something like the claws of a hammer, but the claws were sharp.

And the elephants that knew their business walked slowly over to the logs that were piled pell-mell, and they made the elephants that did n't know their business go there too; and if any elephant, that did n't know, tried to go another way, the old elephants would butt him and jab him with their tusks. And then there was great squealing and noise. And when the elephants got to the logs, each one knelt down and put his tusks under a log and curled his trunk over and around it, and

then he got up and walked slowly to the place where the logs were piled so nicely. And he put his log on the pile so that it would n't fall down, and when the pile was so high that he could n't reach then he began to make a new pile. But some of the elephants did n't have any tusks and they just curled their trunks around the logs and carried them that way.

Little Jacob and little Sol were very much interested in watching the elephants and in seeing how wise they were; for they piled the logs just as well as if a man had told them where to put each one. And Captain Solomon said that they piled the logs better than any man there could have done it. And little Jacob caught sight of one elephant that had his ears torn and had only one tusk.

When he caught sight of that elephant, little Jacob called out. "Look, Captain Solomon!" he cried. "See! There is the elephant that grandfather told about, that will let little boys ride him."

And the elephant was pretty near and he heard little Jacob, but he could n't understand what he said, for those elephants only understand the language that they speak in India. But the old elephant stopped and turned his head as far as he could, which was n't very far, for elephants have n't any neck worth mentioning, so he had to turn his whole body before he could see the little boys. And, when he saw them, he began to walk up to the place where they were. And little Jacob was a little bit scared, for the elephant was very big and he did n't know what he might

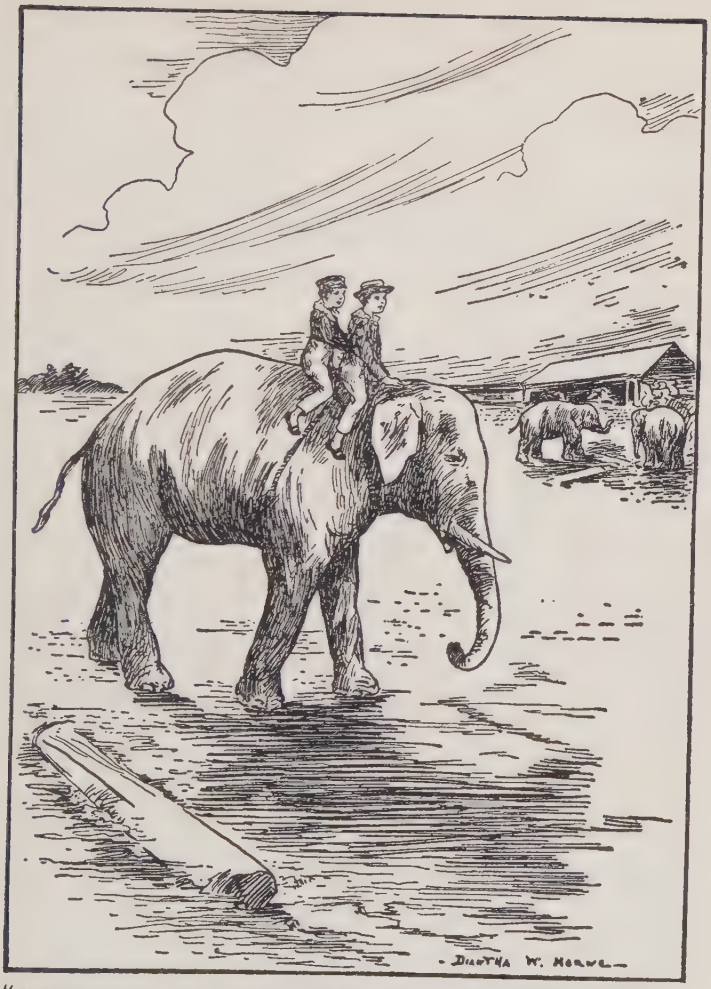
do. But little Jacob did n't run or look scared, and little Sol was n't frightened at all.

And, when the old elephant had got near the little boys, he stopped and stretched out his trunk toward them. And little Sol gave him a lump of sugar that he had in his pocket, and the elephant ate the sugar and stretched out his trunk again, but he did n't move.

"I know what he wants," cried little Jacob. And he got up from the log where he was sitting, and raised his arms, and the old elephant curled his trunk about little Jacob and put him up high on his back, very gently. And little Jacob grabbed hold of a sort of harness that the elephant had on, and he laughed. Then the elephant stretched out his trunk for little

Sol and put him up behind little Jacob. And little Sol held on to the harness, too.

Captain Solomon did n't know what to do while the elephant was putting the little boys up on his back, but then he made up his mind that the boys were well enough off; and the old elephant walked away, very carefully, and he walked all around the great yard with the boys on his back. And the boys laughed and said that it was fun. But Captain Solomon called to them to hold on tight. And they held on tight. And when they had been all around the great yard, the old elephant came back to the place where Captain Solomon was sitting. And he reached up with his trunk and took the boys down, first little Sol and then little Jacob, and he set them down on



"HE WALKED ALL AROUND THE GREAT YARD WITH THE BOYS ON HIS BACK."

the ground very carefully. And the boys gave him some more sugar and stroked his trunk, and then he went away to his log piling again.

And when they had been watching a long while, the gong rang. And the elephants all stopped their work at once and went into the shed. And that amused the boys very much, and the gong reminded them that they were very hungry, so they went away to get their dinner. And, after dinner, they watched the elephants again all the long afternoon, and by that time they were tired of watching elephants.

So, the next morning, they got into the bullock carts again, and they went back to the ship. And the boat was waiting for them at the stone steps, and

the sailors rowed them to the *Industry*. And they were very tired and glad to get back, and they went to bed right after supper.

And that 's all.

THE STOWAWAY STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years, and all the sailors and all the captains and

all the men who had business with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalks were much worn.

That wharf and all the ships that sailed from it belonged to Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob; and after they had moved their office to Boston the ships sailed from a wharf in Boston. And once, in the long ago, the brig *Industry* had sailed from the wharf in Boston, and she had got to that far country and all the things that she had brought there had been taken out of her and sold. And Captain Solomon had bought the things that she would carry back to Boston, but they were not loaded on the *Industry* yet. And Captain Solomon had gone off with little Jacob and little Sol to see some elephants, for he

thought the mate could attend to loading the ship.

After Captain Solomon had gone off, the sailors who had rowed him ashore stood there for a few minutes looking after the dust that the bullocks kicked up, and then they turned to get into the boat again. And one of the sailors, who was named Ephraim, saw a man coming toward them, and he knew the man, for the man was a sailor, too, and he and Ephraim had sailed together a long while before, but not in the *Industry*. So he waited for the man to come, and the man and Ephraim were glad to see each other and Ephraim asked him where he came from and what ship he was on. For no other ship was in the river at that time.

Then the man said that he had sailed

in a ship from England, but the ship had gone off without him while he was ashore; and he wanted to get back to Boston, for he had n't been there for several years. And he asked Ephraim if there was a chance to be a sailor on the *Industry*. But Ephraim said that they had a full crew and there was n't any chance, for the old man was very strict. He called Captain Solomon the old man, but he was n't an old man at all, for he was n't quite forty years old; but sailors always call the captain the old man. And Ephraim was afraid of Captain Solomon, but he need n't have been afraid, for Captain Solomon was a kind man, although he was rather gruff and stern to the sailors.

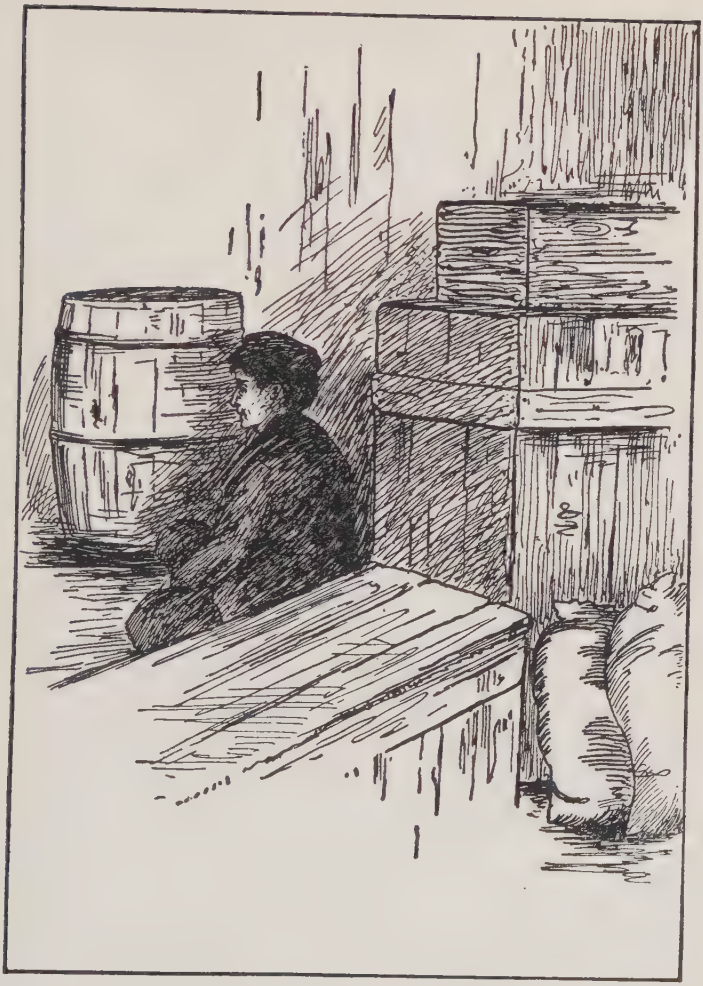
And so Ephraim advised the man to try to stow himself away on the *Industry* un-

til she was clear of the land and on blue water, and then to come out and see what would happen. For he knew that Captain Solomon would n't go back just to land the man, and he could n't throw him overboard. And the man said that he would do that, and he thought he should be able to stow away when the ship was loading, but he would have to depend upon Ephraim to feed him for a few days. And Ephraim said that he would, and the man went away and the sailors rowed the boat back to the *Industry*.

So the sailors began to load the ship with all the things that Captain Solomon had bought, and many little boats began to go back and forth and there was a good deal of confusion. And in the confusion of the loading the man managed to stow

himself away on the *Industry;* and he was in the hold of the ship, as far forward as he could get, so that Ephraim could bring him food and water without much trouble. And the sailors got all the things aboard, and Captain Solomon came back with little Jacob and little Sol. And they got the things to eat on board, and the water that they would drink, and when everything was ready they hoisted up the anchor from the bottom of the river, and they hoisted the sails, and they sailed away down the river and out into the great ocean. And on the second day out, the stowaway came out and worked with the other sailors.

And Captain Solomon was on the quarter deck, looking out over the ocean and at the ship and at the sailors, and he saw the stowaway.



"HE WAS IN THE HOLD OF THE SHIP"

"Who is that man and where did he come from?" he said to the mate.

And the mate looked and saw the man, and he did n't know. "I 'm sure I don't know, sir," answered the mate.

"Call him up," said Captain Solomon.

So the mate called him and he came and stood at the foot of the steps that led to the quarter deck, and Captain Solomon stood at the head of the steps with his hand upon the railing. And the man stood first upon one foot and then upon the other and he looked very uncomfortable.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the man; and he touched his cap.

And Captain Solomon did n't say anything for a long time, but he looked the man over from head to foot, and he looked very fierce and stern, so that the man was

more uncomfortable than ever. And little Jacob and little Sol stood just behind Captain Solomon.

"Who are you, and where did you come from?" asked Captain Solomon. "Give an account of yourself."

Then the man began to tell that he was a sailor and had been a sailor for many years. And he had shipped, last, on an English vessel bound to India, and she had got there all right, but had sailed away without him while he was ashore on leave.

Captain Solomon had to smile at that, though he did n't mean to. And the man went on to say that he wanted to get a passage to Boston and he would have been glad to ship as one of the crew, but he understood that the ship had a full

crew and that the captain did n't want any more sailors, and so he had stowed away. But he was an able seaman and would be only too grateful for a chance to work with the other sailors if Captain Solomon pleased, sir.

Then Captain Solomon was very angry, and asked how he heard that he had a full crew and did n't want any more sailors; and who told him that an able seaman who wanted to get back to Boston could n't get a passage on that ship. And the man would n't tell, but Captain Solomon saw that Ephraim looked very uneasy, so he knew it was Ephraim. And he called Ephraim, and blew him up sky high, and he said that he had a good mind to put him and the stowaway both on bread and water for a month. When little Jacob heard

Captain Solomon say that, he stepped forward to speak, for he could n't bear to think that men should be put on bread and water for a month just for that. But little Sol gave him a nudge and whispered to him not to say anything, for he knew well enough that his father had n't any idea of doing it.

And Ephraim and the stowaway both turned pale and looked as if they were going to be seasick, but they were n't. And after everybody had stood there without speaking for a good while, Captain Solomon spoke to the whole crew, who had all come near, and told them that he did n't want any such actions on his ship again; and if they ever heard of any such case, he wanted them to come right to him, and he would inquire into it. For

he did n't want them to think that he would ever refuse a passage home to a good sailor. And he told Ephraim and the stowaway that he would think about putting them on bread and water, but he would n't do it yet. And if the stowaway did his duty well and proved himself an able seaman he would try to get pay for him when he got back to Boston and saw his owners. But if the man was n't what he said he was, or did n't attend to his duty, he would be put on bread and water, as sure as his own name was Solomon, and so would Ephraim.

Then the sailors all went about their business, and Captain Solomon blew up the mate for letting a man stow away on the *Industry*. And when Captain

Solomon had blown everybody up that he could, he felt very pleasant indeed, and he played with little Sol and little Jacob.

And that 's all.

THE ALBATROSS STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years, and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the

ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

Once, in the long ago, little Jacob and little Sol had gone in the brig *Industry* on a voyage to far countries; and they had been to the countries and had sailed again for home, but they had not got out of the warm oceans. And one morning little Jacob and little Sol came on deck together. They did n't race through their

breakfast as they had been used to doing, because Captain Solomon had put a stop to that. And, as soon as they got on deck, they looked all around to see what was up that morning. Far away they saw the upper sails of a ship that was going the same way they were, but they did n't see anything else except the blue water, although they looked very carefully out ahead and on both sides. But, right astern of the ship, and pretty near, was a great, enormous bird.

The bird was so near that the little boys could see it very well, and they could see what color it was, and the shape of its bill, but they could n't see its back nor the top of its head, because the bird was above them. If they had climbed up on the mast they could have seen its back, but

they did n't think of that then. The bird was all white, so far as they could see, and it had a bill that was rather long and straight, and was hooked at the end.

And the bird just sailed along and waved a little, up and down, but it did n't move its wings, so far as the boys could see, and they watched it for a long time.

Its wings were enormous. Little Sol thought they were almost as long as the main-top-gallant yard if you could measure

them spread out, as the bird was sailing. And little Jacob looked very wise and he said that he didn't know how long the main-top-gallant yard was, but he should think they might measure two fathom and a half from tip to tip. And little Jacob felt rather proud when he had said that, because he had guessed in fathoms.

Little Sol looked rather scornful and said "Huh!" And then little Jacob asked him what kind of a bird it was, and little Sol didn't know. Then little Jacob said "Huh!" So they went to ask Mr. Steele or Captain Solomon. Captain Solomon was standing right behind them, and he was smiling because he had heard what the boys said. And he said that the bird was an albatross, and that little Jacob was pretty nearly right about the length of

its wings. Little Sol was taken down a peg and did n't say anything.

Then Captain Solomon went on to say that albatrosses often followed ships for days together, and the sailors never could see that they had to move their wings, but they sailed along just as fast as the ship sailed. He had seen lots of them in his time, but he had never seen them do anything else but sail, just as that one was doing then. And how they managed it, he did n't know, and nobody else knew, so far as he had ever heard.

Then little Sol asked what the bird was following the ship for. And Captain Solomon said that he supposed that the albatross was following the ship to get the scraps that the cook threw overboard. At least, he did n't know any other reason,

and the albatross took the scraps, anyway. They were like sharks in that way.

Then little Sol asked him if they could n't catch the albatross with a hook and a piece of pork, as they had caught the shark. And Captain Solomon said that they could, but that Sol had better not try it, if he knew what was good for him; for the sailors thought that it always brought the worst kind of luck to a ship to kill an albatross, and he did n't know but they were right. And little Jacob was glad Captain Solomon said that, for he did n't want the albatross killed, but he would rather watch it sailing along with the ship.

So nobody tried to do any harm to the albatross, but the men were all glad that it was there. And the little boys watched

it almost all of that day. And the next day it was there, and they watched it, and

they watched it the day after the next, too; but the morning after that it was n't there.

Little Jacob was sorry that it had gone, and the sailors were sorry, and they said that there would be a change of weather. And little Jacob went down into the cabin to write all about the albatross in the log-book and to see the barometer, to see whether it said that the weather would change. The barometer was what Captain Solomon called "the glass," and people could tell, by looking at it, whether it was going to be stormy or not.

And that's all.

THE DERELICT STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years, and all the sailors and all the captains and all the

men who had business with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's, and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston.

Once, in the long ago, the brig *Industry* was tied up at a wharf in Boston. The wharf was much longer than any wharf in Boston is now, for they have filled up the dock that was there with stones and dirt, and they have put more stones and dirt on the top of the old wharf and under it, and they have built a street there, so that the wharf is not half so long as it used to

be. And Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob had their office on India Street, not very far from the head of the wharf, as it used to be, so that they could go to their ships easily and the captains could go to them.

The *Industry* had aboard all the things that the sailors would eat and the water that they would drink; and the cargo was all stowed, and the sailors were all on the ship and the sails were loosed. And Captain Solomon came from the office of Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob, and he walked down the wharf and he went aboard the ship. Then the sailors cast off the ropes that had held her, and they hoisted the sails and sailed away. They sailed out of the harbor and past the islands and into the bay and then into

the great ocean, and Boston was left far astern.

And, when they had been gone from Boston nearly a week, the sailors fixed the sails so that the wind would blow on them the right way, and then they did n't have to change them for a long time, for they were in the part of the ocean that the trade winds blow over. In this part of the ocean the winds blow nearly always from about north-east, so that they are fair winds for a ship that is going south. That is one reason why ships don't always go the way that you would think would be the shortest, for it may be that, by going a way that is a little longer, they will be helped so much by the winds that they will get to the place where they are going sooner than if they went a shorter way.

And there is another reason why ships do not always go the shortest way. In some parts of the ocean the ocean water is moving in one direction and in other parts of the ocean the water is moving in another direction. So, if a captain knows about these ocean currents, he can sail in that part of the ocean where the water is moving in the direction that he wants to go, and the ocean and the winds will both help the ship. Every captain of a ship knows about these ocean currents and these winds, and chooses the part of the ocean where they will help his ship along. Captain Solomon knew all about them.

So the *Industry* sailed along, and she had got almost to the place where she would be past the trade winds; and it had got to be the evening of that day, and the

"CAPTAIN SOLOMON . . . WAS WATCHING THE MOON"

sun had set a long time, but the moon had just risen. And Captain Solomon was standing by the rail, and he was watching the moon and the reflection of the moonlight on the water, and he was thinking that he wished the *Industry* could sail right up that broad path of moonlight forever; for it was very beautiful. Captain Solomon had such thoughts sometimes, but he did n't tell anybody about them, for they would think he was crazy, and the mates and the sailors would n't like to sail in any ship that he was the captain of. And while he was thinking these thoughts he was startled by the cry of the lookout who was on the forecastle near the bow.

"Hard a-port! Hard a-port!"

And Captain Solomon gave one great

jump for the wheel. "Hard a-port, you lubber!" he cried. "Can't you hear?"

And he grabbed the wheel and whirled it over, and the ship swung off, but she didn't swing very quickly, for the *Industry* wasn't very quick at minding her helm. But she did mind it in time, and just as she swung off she shot past something floating. And Captain Solomon looked and he saw that the floating thing was the hull of a great ship. The masts were all gone close to the deck and the hulk barely showed above the water, so that the waves washed over it, although there wasn't much of a sea and the waves weren't high at all. And when he saw that they were safely past the wreck, he turned the wheel the other way, and brought the *Industry* back again, and he

had the sailors change some of the sails so that she would n't go ahead.

Then he called the sailor who had been on the forecastle, looking out, and he gave that sailor a blowing up, and he was very angry and he blew the man sky-high. He said that it was nothing but luck that they were n't all sent to the bottom, for the *Industry* was heading straight for the floating hulk, and if they had struck it, their chances would n't have been worth one of his grandmother's cookies. And he said some other things; and the sailor did n't answer back, for it is not a good plan to answer back to the captain, especially if that captain was Captain Solomon and was angry. But he seemed ashamed and slunk back muttering that he was n't blind and he was keeping as good a lookout as

could be expected, and nobody could have imagined that there would be that old hulk right in their course, anyway. But Captain Solomon did n't hear him, which was lucky for him.

Then Captain Solomon ordered the mate to have out a boat and go and see what the hulk was, and whether, by chance, there was anybody aboard of it, or anything to tell when she had been abandoned. And he told the mate to take with him a good supply of oil and some oakum and to set fire to the wreck as soon as he was through with her. And the mate had the sailors get out the boat, and he took the oakum and a big bucket of oil, and he was rowed away to the wreck, that was about a quarter of a mile away by that time and shining in the moon-

light. And Captain Solomon saw the boat come near the wreck and make fast under her stern, and he saw the mate go on board.

The mate went a little way down the cabin stairs, but he could n't go all the way down because the cabin was full of water that washed to and fro as the hulk rolled in the ocean. And nobody was there. And the mate looked everywhere that he could go, and he found nobody. He could n't look into the cook's galley, because the galley had been washed overboard; but he looked into the forecastle, and that had water in it, too, washing to and fro over the floor. But he saw that the clothes of the sailors were all gone except one thing which was washing about in the water on the floor, that looked as if

it had been there a long time, and he could n't make out what it was.

So he went back to the stern and asked the sailors if they could make out the name or the port of the ship on the stern; for every ship has its name and the name of the city where it belongs painted on the stern. And the sailors said that there was n't enough of the name left to tell what it was, but it seemed to be a French name. So the mate went back and he put three piles of oakum, one up in the bow, and one in the stern, and one half way between the two. And he soaked the oakum with oil and he poured oil on everything that was dry, and he set fire from the lantern which he carried. Then he hurried to get off and into the boat, and the sailors cast off. And, before they got off,

the mate saw that there was seaweed high up on the hulk, which showed that she had drifted about, as she was, for a long time. And the fire blazed up, and they hurried to get away from the wreck.

The fire blazed up, higher and higher, as the boat went back to the *Industry*, so that it was roaring by the time the sailors climbed aboard. And they hoisted the boat up, and put it in its place, and Captain Solomon had the sailors change the sails so that the ship would go ahead on her course. And the mate was on the

quarter deck, telling Captain Solomon what he had seen. When the mate had got through Captain Solomon thought for a long time.

"That's the Frenchman that was abandoned off Hatteras more'n a year ago," said Captain Solomon at last. "They thought she was sinking. She must have been carried by the currents up towards Norway, maybe, and then down past the west coast of France and Spain. I've heard of derelicts doing that, but I've never seen it before."

And the mate didn't say anything, but they watched the wreck burning. It burned fiercely, but the flames didn't blaze very high, for she hadn't any masts nor any rigging. And the light of the fire made the moonlight look pale and white. And

they watched her getting farther and farther away as the *Industry* sailed on her course.

"I hope," said Captain Solomon, "that there 's something aboard of her to sink her."

And just as he said that they saw the light of the fire go out suddenly, and where it had been there was nothing but some smoke in the air and the moon was shining brightly all around.

And that 's all.

THE LIGHTHOUSE STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships

had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalks were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

Once the brig *Industry* was coming back from far countries to that wharf in Boston, and little Jacob and little Sol were on her. And, when she was nearly in sight of the end of Cape Cod, a great storm came up, and the wind blew like Sam Hill. It blew harder than it had blown at any time while the *Industry* was sailing over the wide ocean to the far

countries and back again. So, at last, Captain Solomon had to turn her around and run for it. But he ran as slow as he could, for he wanted to get to Boston; and he growled and grumbled all the time because he had to go the way he did n't want to.

Little Jacob had been feeling rather excited and very glad because he was so nearly home again. But, when the *Industry* turned around and sailed away from Boston, he did n't feel glad any more, but he felt rather mournful. And he was just a little bit frightened at the great wind and at the great waves; for Captain Solomon had n't turned around until he was obliged to, and that was the last minute that it was safe to keep on. It was getting dark, and Captain Solomon thought it would be a pity to run the risk

"AT LAST HE WENT TO SLEEP"

of getting wrecked on the Cape when the brig had gone all the way to Manila and back safely. So little Jacob crept into his bunk and held on tight, because the ship was pitching and rolling so much, and he tried to go to sleep. At last he went to sleep; but he had horrid dreams.

Captain Solomon was on deck all that night, and he had on his oilskins and he was sopping wet outside the oilskins, but inside them he was dry as a bone; for oilskins keep the water out beautifully. And the spray was flying high above the rail and, once in a while, the top of a wave would come aboard in solid green water. But Captain Solomon did n't mind the water. He was only very angry at having to sail away from Boston.

The storm kept on for nearly three days

and little Jacob was pretty miserable but little Sol enjoyed it. Little Sol was n't so anxious to get home as little Jacob was. And, at last, one morning when little Jacob woke he did n't feel the ship pitching as she had been, and he was surprised to find that he was a little bit excited once more. And he went on deck as soon as he could, and he found that the wind was still blowing pretty hard but not so hard as it had been blowing, and the ship was headed for Boston again. And all the sailors looked cheerful. And Captain Solomon was the most cheerful of all, although he needed some sleep.

"Well, Jacob," he said, "we 're headed for home again. I guess you 're glad."

"Yes, sir," said little Jacob, smiling, "I am glad. When shall we get there?"

"If this breeze holds," said Captain Solomon, "we 'll get in before dark to-night. But I 'm afraid it won't hold."

"Oh," cried little Jacob, "I *hope* it will."

"So do I, Jacob," said Captain Solomon. "We 'll see."

But the wind got less and less. They passed Provincetown, on Cape Cod, a little while after Captain Solomon and little Jacob and little Sol had finished their dinner, and Jacob felt hopeful. But the *Industry* kept going slower as the wind died down, and Jacob's heart kept going down and down. But he watched, to see if he could see Boston. And, at last, it was almost dark and he had n't sighted Boston, and his heart was almost down in his boots. He thought that he saw some land away off on the western horizon, but

he could n't be sure whether he did or not, for it was only twilight and the western horizon was all dim and misty. And, suddenly, a little friendly star shone out, just where he was looking.

"Oh," he cried, "what is that star? It just came."

Captain Solomon was standing near him, and he smiled at little Jacob's question.

"That star, Jacob," he said, "is Boston light. We can't get in to-night, but we 'll go a little nearer and we 'll stand back and forth until daylight. Then we 'll go in. But we sha'n't be there to breakfast."

Little Jacob gave a long, shivering sigh. "Well," he said, "I suppose you can't go in to-night. That light is a long way off, is n't it?"

"Yes," said Captain Solomon, "it 's a

long way off. And, besides, the wind is dying out."

Little Jacob did n't say anything for some time.

"The light-keeper must have to stay up all night," he said, then, "to see that his light does n't go out."

"Yes, Jacob," answered Captain Solomon, "he stays up all night, taking care of you and me. Or he looks out for his end of it. There are two or three of them — the light-keepers. And, in the daytime, he sees that his lamps are filled and his wicks trimmed and his brasses bright and his glasses polished. When night comes he lights his lamp, and he looks at it every little while to make sure that it is burning all right. If it was n't, there might be a wreck."

Little Jacob stood and watched the light for a long time without saying anything.

Captain Solomon stood and watched it, too.

"That is a very friendly light," said little

Jacob, at last, drawing a long breath and smiling at the light. Captain Solomon could n't see the smile, because it was dark; but he heard it in little Jacob's voice.

"It is, Jacob," said Captain Solomon, "a very friendly light."

"I guess it 's my bed-time," said little Jacob. "Good-night, captain."

"Good-night, Jacob," said Captain Solomon. "By the time you 're up, in the morning, we 'll be almost in."

And little Jacob laughed happily and went down to bed.

And that 's all.

THE RUNAWAY STORY

NCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships

had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalks were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The brig *Industry* was one of the ships that used to sail from that wharf and Captain Solomon was her captain for many years. But, after he had been sailing to far countries for a long time, he thought it would be nice to stop going to sea, for he found that what he wanted was a farm where he could settle down and stay in one place. And, besides, he had three sons; and he didn't want his three sons to go to sea because he knew what a hard life it was.

Little Sol was the oldest of his three sons, and he had been one voyage to far countries. Captain Solomon took him,

thinking that the voyage would show him how much better it was to stay ashore and be a farmer than to go to sea and be a captain and have to stand all sorts of storms and perhaps be wrecked. But the voyage to those far countries had n't made Sol think what Captain Solomon had hoped it would make him think, but it had only made him want to go to sea all the more. Little Sol was n't little any longer, but he had got to be about sixteen years old. And Captain Solomon's youngest son was the one that was, afterwards, Uncle John and the father of little John, that it tells about in the Farm Stories. And what was the name of the middle son of Captain Solomon I have forgotten. Perhaps it was Seth.

So Captain Solomon bought the farm

that he wanted. It was a beautiful farm, with a river running through it, and a great pond in it, and you would have thought that it would have suited Sol

exactly. But it did n't. For the one thing that Sol wanted, and that all these beautiful things, the river and the great pond, and the hills and the woods, would n't make up for, was the ocean. The farm was twenty miles from the ocean. Sol would have given anything if he could just *hear*

the ocean. Where he had lived he could hear it all the time, sometimes loud and sometimes soft. It put him to sleep many and many a night, that sound of the sea as it broke on the shore. And he wanted it so badly that he was almost sick, but his father would n't let him go to sea, and he would n't even let him go to Wellfleet to visit his cousins; for he was very much afraid that Sol would n't come home again, but would go off to sea. And at last Sol could n't stand it any longer. He felt sick all the time and he could n't sleep and he just hated that farm. So he made up his mind that he would have to run away from home.

It was on his sixteenth birthday that he made up his mind to run away from home. Captain Solomon was a kind father, but

he had been a captain for such a long time that he wanted to run his family and his farm just like a ship and to have everybody do just exactly as he said and ask no questions; and, when anybody did n't seem to want to do just as he said, but began to ask questions and argue, he got very angry. Sol was very sorry to leave his mother, but there was nobody else except his two brothers. And he was very sure that Seth would run away to sea when he got old enough, unless Captain Solomon let him go. But, long before it came to be Seth's time, Captain Solomon had learned better. And John, at that time, was a little boy.

So Sol made his plans. And, when the time came, he left a letter to his father. The letter was scribbled on a leaf that Sol

tore out of a book, and it was very short, for Sol did n't like to write letters. The letter said that he just *had* to go to sea, and that he hoped that his father would n't blame him, and that he would come back some day when he had got to be a mate or a captain.

Then there was a letter to his mother. It was longer than the letter to his father and in it Sol said that he was just sick for the sea and that, if he stayed on the farm, he knew he should get sicker and die. The farm was a beautiful farm, but farms were not for him for many years yet. He would rather plough the ocean than plough the earth. Sol was rather proud when he wrote that about ploughing the ocean, for he thought it sounded rather well when he read the letter over. And he subscribed

himself, with a great deal of love, her loving son.

Then Sol made a bundle of the clothes he thought he would need, but the bundle was a small one, for he did n't think that he would need many clothes. And, when it got late that night, and everything was quiet about the house and even his brothers, Seth and John, were sound asleep, Sol opened the window and threw his bundle out. Then he got out and slid down the rain spout. The rain spout made a good deal of noise, but it was wooden and not made of tin, so it did n't make as much noise as a rain spout would make now. Sol was afraid that his father would hear the noise and wake up, so he hid behind the lilac bushes in the corner of the fence. But Captain Solomon had been doing a

hard day's work, haying, and he slept very soundly. And, when he found that his father did n't wake up, Sol crept out from behind the lilac bushes and took up his bundle and went out the wide gate.

First he turned north and walked quietly along until he had passed the old schoolhouse and had got well into the village. He went carefully, while he was in the village, for he was afraid that somebody might be about and see him. Almost everybody in the village knew Sol, and anybody who met him, at that time of night, would know that he was running away. Perhaps they would call up the constable and have him sent back. Sol shivered when he thought of that. Then he came to the old turnpike road to Boston and he turned toward the east into the

"TOOK UP HIS BUNDLE AND WENT OUT THE WIDE GATE"

turnpike. He had n't met anybody in the village nor seen a single light.

It does n't take a good, strong boy of sixteen all night to walk a little more than twenty miles, and Sol loafed along and did n't hurry. Once in a while he sat down to rest or sleep for a few minutes, but he did n't dare to really go to sleep, for fear that he would sleep all the rest of the night; and he had to be in Boston by daylight. And, once in a while, he had to sneak around a toll-house, because he did n't have any money. And, at each toll-house, they made each person that was walking on the turnpike pay some money; perhaps it was a penny that they had to pay. They charged more for each wagon that passed. At last he came into Boston and it was n't daylight yet. So he

walked over to the Common and lay down under some bushes and went to sleep.

Sol was wakened by the snuffling noise that a cow makes when it is eating the grass and by the sound of the grass being bitten off. And he started up, thinking of the farm at home, and there was a cow almost near enough to touch. When he started up, the cow was frightened and galloped off, and Sol saw that the sun was up and it must be about six o'clock. He laughed at the cow and opened his bundle and took out some bread that he had brought, and some gingerbread, and he ate them. It was n't much of a breakfast, but he had n't been able to get anything better. And, when he had finished, he walked down to Spring Lane and got a drink of water at the spring, and he washed his

"HE STARTED UP, THINKING OF THE FARM AT HOME"

face and hands. Then he kept on down to India street, for he was afraid his father would come after him and there was no time to lose.

Sol need n't have been afraid that his father would come after him, if he had only known what was happening at the farm. Captain Solomon had been surprised that Sol did n't come down stairs and, finally, he had gone up after him. There were Seth and John just waking up and rubbing the sleep out of their eyes; but there was no Sol and his bed had n't been slept in. And Captain Solomon looked around until he saw the two letters pinned to the pin-cushion. Then he looked angry, and he took the two letters and marched down stairs again. He did n't say anything, but he gave the letter

that was directed "For Mother" to his wife.

And Sol's mother did n't say anything, either, but she opened her letter and read it. It did n't take very long to read it but it took longer than Captain Solomon's. And the tears came into her eyes as she handed the letter to Captain Solomon and asked him not to be hard on the poor boy but to be gentle with him, for he must have felt that very same way when he first went to sea.

And Captain Solomon read her letter and then he sat without saying anything for a long time, looking out of the window. Perhaps he did n't see the things that were there; perhaps, instead of the fields of tall grass and of wheat, waving in the breeze, he saw the blue ocean spark-

ling in the sun and stretching away until it met the sky. Perhaps he saw the tall masts and the white sails of the *Industry* rising far above his head, and felt her buoyant hull under his feet.

Whatever he saw, as he sat there, he laughed aloud, at last, and brought his fist down on the kitchen table.

"Let him go!" he said. "It's in the blood. The sea's salt is in the blood and the only thing that will take it out is the sea itself. He can no more help it than he can help breathing. I'll write him a letter."

And so it happened that there was a letter for Sol in Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's office the next morning. They didn't know where he was, but they sent to all their ships that were in port to

see if he could be found. The *Industry* happened to be in port, but she was just ready to sail, and she was to sail that afternoon. And it happened that Sol had shipped as one of her crew and he was on board of her. Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob did n't know that Sol was one of the crew of the *Industry*, because they did n't generally look over the crew lists any longer, but they left that to the captains and the mates. But when they found Sol, they had him come to their office, and they gave him the letter from his father. And Sol read the letter and he was very happy, and he wrote a long letter to his father.

In that letter he said that he knew, now, that it was very foolish for him to run away, because Captain Solomon would

have let him go if he had made him understand how he felt. But Sol had always thought that his father was very stern and he had n't told him how badly he felt at being kept away from the salt water. It may have been Captain Solomon's fault, too; and when he got Sol's letter he went to a field that was far from the farm-house. But he did n't do any work. He sat there, under a tree that grew beside the stone wall, all the morning looking up at the clouds.

It would be all the more foolish for any boy to run away to sea, now-a-days. For things have changed very much in the last hundred years. Steamers have taken the place of sailing ships, and the crews of the few ships that there are are n't made up of men like Captain Solomon and Sol.

But, when the *Industry* sailed away from that wharf in Boston for far countries, more than a hundred years ago, Sol was a sailor.

And that 's all.

THE TRAFALGAR STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships

had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The brig *Industry* was one of the ships that used to sail from that wharf and, afterwards, she sailed from a wharf in Boston. And Captain Solomon had been the captain of her for many years; but he had got tired of going to sea and had bought a farm that was not near the ocean. And Sol, Captain Solomon's son, had got tired of staying on the farm and had gone off to sea, and he had risen to be the captain of the brig *Industry*.

Once, in the long ago, the brig *Industry* sailed from a wharf in Boston for Manila and Singapore and other far countries; but, first, she was going to Leghorn. She carried flour, apples, salt fish, tobacco, lum-

ber, and some other things that Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob thought that the people in Leghorn would buy. It was Captain Sol's first voyage as captain and he had been a sailor about four years.

The *Industry* sailed along over the great ocean for many days, and she had good weather and nothing happened that was worth mentioning. Captain Sol had his eyes open, because there was a war between England and France and sometimes an English warship would meet an American ship and stop her and do things that neither the captain nor the crew of the American ship liked to have done. But there did n't seem to be anything that the American ship could do except run away; and sometimes they could get away and sometimes it would n't do any good to try.

And the *Industry* kept getting nearer to the coast of Spain and to the Straits of Gibraltar. It was the twenty-second of October, 1805, and Captain Sol thought that he should sight Cape Trafalgar the next day.

So, the next morning, he began to look out for Cape Trafalgar before it was light. And, when it was light enough to see anything, he saw that they were very near to a lot of great ships. They were warships and they were battered and there were great shot holes in their sides and some of the yards and topmasts had been shot away and there were great rents in their sails and, altogether, they looked like a lot of wrecks. It did n't take a man as smart as Captain Sol very long to guess that there had been a great battle a few days before.

And he was right. The battle of Trafalgar was fought between the English fleet of ships and the fleets of France and Spain; and the ships that Captain Sol saw were English ships. The sailors were mending the ships, as well as they could, so that they would be fit to sail.

And Captain Sol wanted to know what was going on, so he sailed nearer; and, when he was as near as he dared to go, he had the sailors fix the sails so that the ship would n't go ahead, and he waited there.

Pretty soon some sailors got into a boat from one of the English ships, and then an officer got in, and they rowed the boat over to the *Industry*, and the English officer came on board of the *Industry*. Captain Sol met him and he had some of

the sailors stand in line on each side of the gangway. And Captain Sol and the English officer talked together, very politely, although the officer was plainly very much surprised to see so young a man as captain. Captain Sol was only twenty-one.

And the officer told Captain Sol about the battle, and he told him that Lord Nelson had been shot in that battle, and he had died on board the *Victory* a few hours after the battle was over. And the officer saw the lumber that the *Industry* had on her deck, and he asked Captain Sol what other cargo he carried. And Captain Sol told him about the flour and the apples and the salt fish and the tobacco, and the officer got into his boat again and was rowed back to the *Victory*.

Captain Sol stayed there, waiting to see

what would happen; for he thought that, perhaps, he might sell some of his cargo to the English ships and not have to carry it to Leghorn. And, sure enough, the officer got into the boat again and came back. And he told Captain Sol that the commander of the fleet would be much obliged to him if he would sell some of his lumber and some flour and some apples; but he didn't ask for any of the salt fish nor for any of the tobacco. And Captain Sol agreed and the officer rowed away.

Then the *Victory* made signals to the other ships, telling them to send boats for the lumber and the flour and the apples that they needed. And a boat came to the *Industry* for each ship, until they were clustered about her as thick as bees about

a hive. And the sailors were very busy, putting into the boats the lumber and the flour and the barrels of apples. Captain Sol had to have a tackle rigged over the hatchway of the *Industry* to hoist out the barrels. And when each boat had got its load, it was rowed back to its ship.

It took them a long time to get all those things out of the *Industry*, but at last it was all done and the last boat had rowed away; and Captain Sol found that he had sold all of his lumber and about half of his flour and about half of his apples. The English sailors needed all that lumber to mend the ships. Then another boat came from the *Victory*, and it was rowed to the *Industry*, and the paymaster of the English fleet came aboard and two men came after him carrying bags of gold money.

Captain Sol and the paymaster and the men with the bags of money went down into the cabin; and the paymaster counted

out the gold money for the lumber and the flour and the apples, and left it on the cabin table. And, besides, he thanked Captain Sol for selling them the things. Then he went away.

Then Captain Sol had the sailors fix the sails so that the ship would go ahead, and

he had a sailor stand at the flag halliards and dip the flag for a salute to the English ships. And the *Industry* sailed away from those English ships towards Gibraltar, and pretty soon the ships were out of sight.

And that's all.

THE CARGO STORY

NCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business

with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

That wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

Once the brig *Industry* was all ready to sail from Boston for far countries. She had her cargo all stowed, but Captain Sol hadn't seen it stowed, for he had had to be away from Boston while it was being put aboard. So a lumper, or 'longshoreman, had told the men where to put things. A

lumper was a man who did the work of carrying things into a ship, or out of it. This man was a pretty good 'longshoreman, but a lumper was n't a sailor and could n't be expected to get the things stowed quite so well as a captain or a mate. The captain or the mate would be more interested in having the things stowed well, for it makes a great difference, in the sailing of a ship and in her behavior, how the cargo is stowed. Captain Sol generally liked to attend to those things himself.

They had put on board all the things that they would eat and the water that they would drink; and Captain Sol came back and the *Industry* sailed away from that wharf out upon the great ocean. And she sailed the length of the Atlantic,

but she met a good deal of rough weather and she ran into three or four storms.

Captain Sol soon found that the cargo had n't been well stowed and it bothered him a good deal. For, in his log-book, he wrote things like these:

Aug. 27, Heavy sea from the eastward. Ship labors very badly.

Sept. 1, Squally with rough, heavy sea. Ship labors very much.

Sept. 10, Ship rolls and labors hard through the night.

Sept. 22, Heavy gales & Squally with tremendous sea. Ship'd much water.

Sept. 25, Strong gales and rough sea. Ship rolls heavy.

Sept. 30, Hard squalls and tremendous sea from N. & E. Ship labors very hard.

Oct. 3, A very heavy sea running during the 24 hours. Ship labors too much, owing to bad stowage of cargo. It must be corrected.

So, before the *Industry* had got around the Cape of Good Hope, Captain Sol had made up his mind that he would have that cargo overhauled and stowed the way it ought to be. For he thought that the ship would sail enough faster to make up for the time it would take, and all hands would be more comfortable. And he had the sailors steer her to a little island that he knew about, where there was a good harbor and where he wouldn't be bothered. And she got to that island and the sailors let her anchor down to the bottom of the harbor, and they began to take out her cargo.

First they rigged tackles to the yards high up on the masts, and they swung the yards so that the tackles would be just above the hatchways; and one was over

the forward hatchway and one was over the after hatchway. Then Captain Sol sent one gang of men down into the hold of the *Industry* by the after hatch, with the mate to tell them what to do; and he sent another gang of men into the hold by the fore hatch, with the second mate to tell them what to do. And he divided the sailors that were left into two parts, six men for the fore hatch and six men for the after hatch. The sailors were all stripped to the waist and barefooted, for they knew, from the way the crew was divided up, that they would have to work hard and as quickly as they could. Captain Sol was a driver for work, but his crew did n't think any the less of him for that.

And Captain Sol called to the mates. "Are you all ready?" he said.

And the mates answered that they were all ready when he was.

"Well, rout it out, then, as fast as you're able," said Captain Sol; "I'll see that we keep up with you."

And he ordered four men to tail on to each rope. He meant for four men to take hold of the free end of the rope that ran through the blocks of the tackle.

"And run away with it," he said. "And when I say run I don't mean walk, either."

The sailors already had hold of the ropes, and they grinned when Captain Sol said that.

"Aye, aye, sir," they shouted.

And he ordered the other two men at the fore hatch and the other two men at the after hatch to be ready to handle

and loose the bales and to be lively about it.

"All ready!" he called to the mates

Then the fun began. The bales and the barrels and the boxes seemed to fly out of the hatchways and to alight on the deck like a flock of great birds. And the men who had to handle them and to cast off the hooks did it in the liveliest way that can be imagined, and they hustled the boxes and the barrels and the bales to one side so that there should be room for the next thing that came up. And there was a great noise of a lively chanty, that the sailors sang all the time, without stopping. It was n't worth while to stop; for then, as soon as they had stopped singing, they would have to begin again, so they kept on all the time. And there was the soft noise

of their bare feet stamping on the deck but they did n't stamp very hard because that would hurt their feet.

Pretty soon the bodies and the faces of the sailors began to glisten; and, before long, the sweat was running down in streams. For, working there, at that island, was just about the same as it would have been if they had been working at Charleston or Savannah in May. It was pretty hot for such hard work. But the sailors were merry at it, and grinned and shouted their chanty, and they kept at it until all the things were out on the deck of the *Industry* that had to be taken out. The things that were the heaviest they did n't take out, but just moved them to one side and left them in the hold.

By dinner time, they had all the cargo

taken out that had to be taken out, and the heaviest freshly stowed in the middle of the ship at the very bottom. Then Captain Sol told the mates and the sailors to come up.

"There!" said he. "I'll bet dollars to buttons there never was a ship unloaded any quicker than we've unloaded this one. Now go to your dinner, and we'll finish this stowing this afternoon."

And he told the mate to serve out to the sailors a little rum. They had been working very hard and they would have a lot more hard work to do before the day was done. It was the custom, in those days, to serve out rum to the crew now and then; perhaps once a week. It was n't a good custom, perhaps, but it was a custom. Captain Sol never once thought of break-

ing that custom, but he gave each man a very little, and then they had their dinner.

And, after they had finished their dinner, the sailors who had been on deck in the morning went down into the hold and the sailors who had been in the hold in the morning stayed on deck. But the mates had to go down, and sometimes Captain Sol was in the hold and sometimes he was on deck. For he wanted to see for himself how the work was being done.

They put the heaviest things they had left next to those great, heavy things that were stowed in the middle of the ship at the very bottom. And they kept lowering down the heaviest things that they had on deck, and the sailors who were in the hold stowed them. They packed them very tightly, so that, no matter how much the

ship should pitch and toss and roll, the cargo should not get loose. For it is a very bad thing for the cargo to shift, and a ship might be lost if its cargo shifted, in a storm. It is only in a storm that such a thing is likely to happen.

At last they had lowered the last bale and the last box that they had on deck, and they had been stowed. And the men who were in the hold called out for more, and the men on deck said that there was n't any more. The mates were surprised, for there was some room left in the hold that there had n't been the way the cargo was stowed at first. And the mates came up, and the sailors came up, and they were just dripping wet.

And Captain Sol thanked the men for working so willingly all day, and he said

that he thought that they would all be glad because the ship would ride easier, after this, and would n't take in so much water; and it would be much easier to handle sail in rough weather. And he said that he supposed they thought they ought to have a little more rum. He was going to serve it out to them, but he warned them that it would be a very little.

And, at that, the men all roared out, and Captain Sol went to the quarter deck and stood by the railing that divided it from the rest of the ship. He had a jug beside him. And the men came up, with their tin cups in their hands, and they held their cups up high, one at a time. And Captain Sol poured a very little rum into each cup, and the man with the cup went forward.

But, while Captain Sol was doing that, there was one sailor near the middle of the ship who felt as if he would rather have a dousing of cold water than all the rum in the jug. And that man got one of those buckets that were used to get salt water from the ocean for washing down decks and for other things. The bucket had a long rope for a handle. And he dropped the bucket overboard and gave the right jerk to the rope, and he pulled it up, full of water. Then he stopped a man who was going by with his cup, and asked him to throw the water over him. The other man asked him where he would have it.

"Alow and aloft," said the sailor who had got the water, "and fore and aft."

So the other sailor began to throw the water over him. But, just then, there was

another sailor just going by, and the temptation was too great. He threw what water

was left in the bucket over that other sailor. And that sailor gave a great roar,

and ran to get another bucket. And he filled it and tried to throw the water on the man who had wet him down; but he could n't find him. So he threw the water over another man.

And that man ran for a bucket, and in about a minute all the sailors were chasing each other around, throwing water over everybody they met. There was a great noise and uproar, but everybody was good-natured about it, for they were all very hot and the salt water felt very pleasant to them. And, of course, the clothes that they had on were all wet through, but nobody had on anything much besides his breeches, and it did n't matter. And Captain Sol and the mate stood on the quarter deck and laughed at them.

And, when the men had got tired of

playing, they went down to their supper; and Captain Sol went down to write in his log-book.

Nov. 6. Had cargo out and restowed it between 9 a. m. and 6 p. m., with an hour for dinner. I w'ld like to see the gang of lumpers that can do half as well. So ends this day.

And that 's all.

THE PRIVATEER STORY

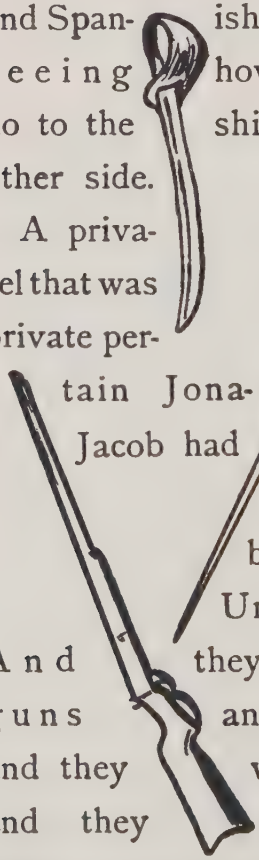
NCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business

with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

That wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that, their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

Once, in the year 1807, the brig *Industry* sailed from Boston for far countries with Captain Sol as her captain. There was, at that time, a great war between France and Spain, on one side, and England and some other countries, on the other side; but the English ships had to do almost all the fighting, for their side,

that was done on the ocean. And there were a good many English and French and Spanish privateers sailing about, seeing how much harm they could do to the ships that belonged to the other side.



A privateer was a vessel that was fitted out by private persons, just as if Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob had made up their minds that the *Industry* should be a privateer, if the United States was at war. And they would fit her out with guns and swords and cutlasses, and they would get a crew for her, and they would ask the government if she could be a privateer. And

the government would probably have said that she could, and they would have sent Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob some papers, called "letters of marque and reprisal," which said that the *Industry* was a United States privateer and that she could take ships as prizes and sell them. Governments do not do that, now, and a privateer is no better than a pirate; but they all did it a hundred years ago.

Captain Sol had thought about it a great deal, for privateers were n't very particular what ships they captured; and he wondered whether he ought to carry a whole lot of guns. He always had some guns on the ship, but not enough to make a fight with, if the other vessel had a whole lot, as privateers always did. But, finally, he decided that he had better not,

or he might be taken for a pirate. For his country was n't at war and, of course, he had n't any papers. Pirates that are captured are usually short lived. So he had sailed away without any guns worth mentioning.

The *Industry* sailed along over the ocean for about two weeks and nothing much happened, and she was n't so very far from the coast of Spain; perhaps she was three or four hundred miles away.

For, on that voyage, she was bound to Leghorn, first, and then she was going to Java and Manila. And, in the middle of the forenoon of that day, the lookout in the crosstrees of the *Industry* reported a sail heading directly for them.

Captain Sol was worried about it and asked the sailor about the rig of the ves-

sel. And the sailor said that he could n't tell what her rig was because he could n't see any more than her upper sails, and not much of them; but she seemed to be a brig, and he thought she was fast, by the way she was rising. He thought he should be able to see her hull in less than half an hour.

Captain Sol said a bad word and took his glass and went up to the crosstrees himself. But he could n't see enough, there, so he went on, up the mast. And he rested the glass against the rigging and looked. It took him a long time to see anything, the rigging jumped around so; but at last he managed to see. And he came down quickly and spoke to the man at the wheel, who looked at him as if he expected some orders.

"Keep her as she goes," he said. "It won't do any good to try to run away from that vessel. She can sail three feet to our two. And, whoever she is, she has no business with us, anyway."

But Captain Sol knew that it would make very little difference whether she had any right to stop them or not. If her captain wanted to he would. And the mates knew that, and the sailors knew it. So Captain Sol ordered one of the sailors to hoist the United States flag, and he kept on.

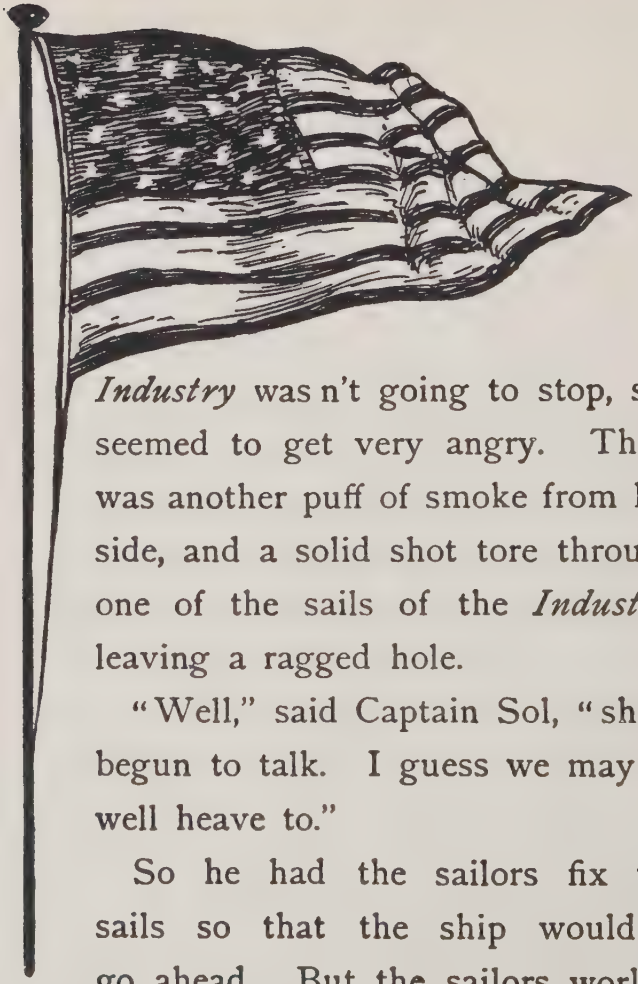
The brig kept rising fast and, in a short time, they could see her hull from the deck of the *Industry*. They saw that she was a Spanish privateer; and she hoisted the Spanish flag and kept on. And, pretty soon, she was nearly abreast of the *Indus-*

"THAT WAS A SIGNAL FOR THE *Industry* TO STOP"

try; and she turned a little, and there was a little puff of smoke from her side, and the sound of the report came over the water a second or two later.

That was a signal for the *Industry* to stop. But the *Industry* seemed to have grown deaf, and she did n't stop, and no sailor made a move to touch a rope. And the Spanish brig seemed to be a little angry, and she turned again and there was a bigger puff of smoke from her side and a cannon ball came skipping across the water, ahead of the *Industry*. That was a hint that she had better stop, if she knew what was good for her. But Captain Sol only had another United States flag hoisted, and it was a bigger flag than the first one.

When the Spanish brig saw that the



Industry was n't going to stop, she seemed to get very angry. There was another puff of smoke from her side, and a solid shot tore through one of the sails of the *Industry*, leaving a ragged hole.

"Well," said Captain Sol, "she 's begun to talk. I guess we may as well heave to."

So he had the sailors fix the sails so that the ship would n't go ahead. But the sailors worked

slowly, and the mates did n't hurry them, either.

And, in a few minutes, a boat put off from the Spanish brig, and the boat was filled with men. They had a pretty long way to row because Captain Sol had n't stopped when he was asked to. But, after a while, they were at the side. The officer in the Spanish boat was very much excited and talked very fast. He wanted Captain Sol to put a gangway or a ladder over the side, so that he could get on board easily.

But Captain Sol winked at the mate and made believe that he did n't understand.

"No compreeny," he said, leaning over the side. For he thought that they could come aboard any way they were able. He had had the ship stopped for them.

"Donkey!" said the officer, in Spanish. And he scrambled up, followed by ten of his men. The other men stayed in the boat.

And Captain Sol was very polite, but he could n't talk Spanish and he made believe he could n't understand what was said. Really, he knew enough Spanish to be able to understand what the officer said, but he could n't speak Spanish. After a while, the officer tried French, but Captain Sol made believe that he could n't understand that, either, and he said, in English, that he was very sorry that he did n't have any Frenchmen in the crew. So the officer gave up trying to make Captain Sol understand.

And he made the crew of the *Industry* go in the boat, but he left Captain Sol and

the mates, and ten men for a prize crew. And he told Captain Sol that he was to take the ship to Cadiz. He kept saying that name over and over.

Captain Sol knew that it would be of no use to resist, and he didn't. And the crew bade him good bye, and the boat was rowed away. Then his new Spanish crew fixed the sails so that the ship would go ahead. He thought they were pretty clumsy about it, but he didn't say anything. And the *Industry* sailed away towards Cadiz, and the Spanish brig turned to the north.

They sailed all the rest of that day towards the coast of Spain, which was on their way to Leghorn, anyway. Captain Sol kept his eyes open, for he hadn't given up hoping for a chance to get the

ship back again; but the chance didn't seem very good, with only the two mates and himself against the ten Spaniards. And, that night, there must have been something the matter with the watch that the Spaniards kept, for, when there was light enough to see, in the morning, there was a big English warship close to them. She was big enough to swallow the *Industry* whole and never to know the difference. Captain Sol laughed right out loud when the Spaniards first saw her; he had known about her nearly half the night.

The Spaniards never once thought of fighting, but surrendered right off. It would have been very foolish for them to fight, for they were only ten men, in a ship that wasn't fitted for fighting; and the English ship was a big ship fitted up on

purpose to fight, and she had a crew of three or four hundred men.

So a boat soon put off from the English ship, with sailors in it, and came to the side of the *Industry*. And Captain Sol was hurrying to put a ladder over, so that the English officer could come up without any trouble. But the officer did n't wait for any ladder; he and his men swarmed up the side like flies. And Captain Sol met the officer, and he laughed and said that he was glad to see him. And the officer smiled and wondered why that was, and he shook hands with Captain Sol; and then Captain Sol and the officer went into the cabin together. And Captain Sol told the officer about the Spanish privateer.

When the officer had heard the story he

said it was hard luck, but, as the vessel was a Spanish prize, he should have to take her. He thought that the Admiralty court would fix that matter all right. And Captain Sol sighed and said that he hoped so, but he did n't know much about Admiralty courts. He had understood that American owners were apt to get the worst of it. And then Captain Sol and the officer had a glass of wine together, and it was so good that they each had another glass; and then they went on deck.

The officer bundled the Spaniards into the boat and left ten Englishmen to take their places, apologizing to Captain Sol for leaving him so short-handed. The *Industry* generally had a crew of twenty-five or thirty men. Then the officer got into the boat and rowed away. Captain Sol was to

take the *Industry* to Gibraltar, which was right on the way to Leghorn, too. And it was pretty near, so that he ought to get there the next day.

Then Captain Sol had an idea. He served out a little rum, first, and he told the crew that if nothing happened he would take the ship straight to Gibraltar. But the Spaniards were pretty thick between where they were and Gibraltar, so he thought he would ask them a question. If they should be taken by the Spaniards again, and the crew should be left on board, would they agree to sign as his crew, for a voyage to Leghorn and other ports?

When the English sailors heard that, some of them began to grin; and they talked together for a little while, and then they said that they would agree to do as

Captain Sol had said. And Captain Sol was pleased, and he served out another helping of rum all around. The sailors called it grog.

Sure enough, they were captured again, the next morning, before they had got within sight of Gibraltar; and the Spanish ship put on board the *Industry* a prize crew of nine men. But she left the English crew on board, for she had already taken several other prizes; and she had put other prize crews on board of those prizes, and she had their crews as prisoners. And her captain was afraid to have more prisoners because he would have nearly as many prisoners as he had men left in his crew. Then the Spanish ship told Captain Sol to steer for Algiers, and she sailed away about her business.

Captain Sol did as he was told and steered for Algiers. But, in the night of that day, the two mates went, while the Spanish crew were n't looking, and they set free the Englishmen and gave them a paper to sign. That paper made them Captain Sol's sailors. And then they gave each man pistols and a cutlass, and the first mate took half of the Englishmen and went to the forecastle, where four men of the Spanish crew were sleeping; and the second mate took the other five Englishmen, and he went on deck, where the other five men of the Spanish crew were on watch, but he hid his Englishmen. And Captain Sol was walking back and forth on the quarter deck, and suddenly he began to whistle softly. And all the Englishmen sprang out, and they had that

Spanish crew captured before they knew what had happened. But they didn't have to hurt anybody, they captured them so quickly.

Then Captain Sol changed the course of the *Industry* so that she was heading for Leghorn, and he got to Leghorn in due time; but he had some trouble in getting rid of his Spanish prisoners.

And nobody ever knew whether Captain Sol meant to be captured by the Spaniards, that last time, or not.

And that's all.

THE RACE STORY

NCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had

business with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that, their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

A long time ago the brig *Industry* lay at that wharf in Boston, and she was all ready to sail for far countries. And there was a ship that was named the *Augusta Ramsay* lying at the next wharf, and she was all ready to sail, too, and she was going to the same country that the *Indus-*

try was going to. Captain Sol had been on the *Industry* for a long time, seeing that the cargo was stowed as well as it could be stowed, and trying to hurry the lumpers. But he couldn't make them hurry very much.

Captain Sol wanted to get the *Industry* away before the *Augusta Ramsay* sailed, so as to gain as much time as he could. For, in those days, the owners of ships couldn't telegraph to far countries to find out what they had to sell and what they wanted to buy, but the captains of their ships had to find out those things when the ships got there. And the captains had to sell the things they brought for as much as they could get for them, and they had to buy what they wanted to carry back for as low a price as they could.

So it made a good deal of difference whether a ship got there first or not; for the ship that got there first could sell the things that she brought at a higher price, and could buy the things to bring back for a lower price than a ship that got there a little later. So Captain Sol knew that it would be a race, for the whole voyage, between the *Industry* and the *Augusta Ramsay*. And Captain Henry, of the *Augusta Ramsay*, knew it, too, and he was hurrying as fast as he could. The *Augusta Ramsay* was a good deal bigger than the *Industry*, but Captain Sol had his mind made up to beat her if he blew the sticks right out of the *Industry*.

So it happened that the ship *Augusta Ramsay* pulled out from her wharf at exactly the same time that the brig *Indus-*

try pulled out from hers. And they both began to set all the sails that they possibly could. And the ship and the brig sailed down the harbor together before a fair wind. A fair wind is a wind that blows about the way the vessel is going. But the *Augusta Ramsay* was just ahead, going down the harbor, for the wharf that she started from was a little nearer to the channel than Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's wharf; and the channel that led out of Boston Harbor was even more crooked and narrow than it is now. So the *Industry* could n't pass the *Augusta Ramsay*, while they were in the channel and setting all those many sails, and Captain Sol did n't try it.

By the time the *Industry* had got out into Boston Bay she had set her mainsail

and her foresail, and her maintopsail and her foretopsail, and her maintopgallantsail and her foretopgallantsail, and her main-royal and her foreroyal, and her main-skysail and her foreskysail, and all of her jibs and her spanker and her staysails; and the sailors were busy getting out her studdingsail booms. The studdingsail booms are sticks that stick out beyond the ends of the yards; and, as soon as the sailors had got out these booms, they set the studdingsails that belonged on them, so that it was just as if the foresail and the other sails that had studdingsails had been made so much bigger. And the *Industry* had set all the sail that she could set.

The *Augusta Ramsay* had all the sails that the *Industry* had and, besides those

sails, she had the sails that belong on the mizzenmast: the cross-jack and the mizzentopsail and the mizzentopgallantsail and the mizzenroyal and the mizzenskysail and all the mizzenstaysails. But the *Industry* could n't set those sails on the mizzenmast, because she did n't have any mizzenmast. And the two vessels leaned a good deal and the foam piled up under their bows and they just flew out of Boston Bay into Massachusetts Bay and out past Provincetown into the great ocean; but neither gained on the other any worth mentioning.

And night came and they did n't take in any of the sails that they had set, but they sailed on, in the moonlight. Captain Sol had to keep his crew pretty busy, changing the sails so that the wind would blow

on them the right way, and so did Captain Henry. It is a good deal of a job to change these many sails. But morning came, and there was the *Augusta Ramsay* right abreast of them. And the wind increased, so that the two vessels leaned a great deal; but Captain Sol said that he guessed he could carry his sail as long as Captain Henry could carry his, and he was n't going to be the first to take in sail. But the sailors did n't like to hear Captain Sol say that because they knew that it meant hard work for them.

They sailed on, that way, for a long time, and they never lost sight of each other. But, first, the *Augusta Ramsay* would be a little way ahead and then the *Industry* would gain a little and go ahead of the *Augusta Ramsay*. Then, one day,

it began to blow harder and harder and Captain Sol knew that they would have a storm. And he got a little worried because he was afraid that he might have to take in some sail before Captain Henry did. For he would n't risk his ship just because he had said that he was n't going to be the first to take in sail. And he looked, through his glass, at the *Augusta Ramsay*, to see if she took in any of her sails, and he waited as long as he dared to wait. Then, just as he was going to give it up, and take his glass down, he saw the sailors on the *Augusta Ramsay* going up on the yards. And he was very glad of it, and he gave orders for his sailors to reduce sail. And the sailors were glad, too, and they swarmed up aloft and took in the sails in a jiffy.

The storm lasted for three days and two nights. The wind blew harder and harder and the waves got higher and higher and the rain came down in sheets. Then it would stop raining, for a little while, and the wind would blow harder than ever, while the flying clouds seemed to be no higher than the masthead. Then it would begin to rain again. But they didn't lose sight of the *Augusta Ramsay* completely, although, at times, she was hidden by the rain and, for one whole day, they didn't see her at all. But she was there on the next morning. And the *Industry*, all through that hard blow, was sailing under double-reefed topsails, and so was the *Augusta Ramsay*. And double-reefed topsails is very little sail, compared to the enormous spread of can-

vas that the vessels had set when they left Boston.

At last, after dark of the third day, the wind began to be less and the clouds to be more broken, and Captain Sol knew that the storm was over. And he made up his mind that he would get out of that place just as soon as he could, for he thought that, just as likely as not, it would be calm there for some time. And he thought that the sooner he got out of any place where there was likely to be no wind, the better. So he did n't go to bed, but he watched the weather, and he waited. Finally, he thought that the *Industry* could stand a little more sail.

"Call all hands," he said to the mate, "and get sail on her, little by little. We don't want to loaf around here."

It was two o'clock in the morning, and the mate thought that the sailors would grumble; but he didn't care. "Aye, aye, sir," he said.

And he called all hands, and they came up on deck, grumbling at the captain for routing them up at that time, to make sail, when it was blowing hard enough, anyway. But the mate pretended not to hear them, and he ordered some of the sailors aloft. And the sailors that went aloft shook out the reefs in the topsails; and the sailors that were on deck pulled away at the halliards and at the sheets, but they didn't shout out any chanty.

And the *Industry* began to sail faster. And pretty soon Captain Sol had the men shake out some other sails and hoist them. And the wind was less, and a star

showed. And Captain Sol had the men set more sails, so that the vessel had all that she could stand. Then, pretty soon, more stars showed, and the wind kept on going down. And, by daylight, he had nearly all the sails set, and nothing was to be seen of the *Augusta Ramsay*. And Captain Sol chuckled to himself, and went down to bed.

He did n't sleep very long but just took a little nap and then he went on deck again. There were two things that bothered him a little, besides the sailing of his vessel, which could n't be said to bother him at all; for he always did the very best he could. Nobody can do any more than that. And, when he had done the very best he could, Captain Sol did n't worry about what would happen; which

was very sensible on Captain Sol's part. And the two things that bothered him were, first, where the *Augusta Ramsay* was; and, second, the disposition of his crew. It seemed to him that they were likely to make trouble. Captain Sol was n't afraid of trouble, but he knew that the willingness of the crew made a great difference in the speed that could be got out of a vessel in a long voyage. So he made up his mind that he would attend to the second matter first.

Captain Sol had all hands called; and the men came up unwillingly, and they were very cross with Captain Sol because they thought that he had called them to change the sails again. And they had been up nearly the whole of three nights and wanted to sleep. But Captain Sol

called them all aft, and he stood by the railing that was at the edge of the quarter deck and he made them a little speech. He said that the men must know that there was a race between the *Augusta Ramsay* and the *Industry*, and that each vessel was trying to be the first to get to the far country, where they both were bound. It was worth something to his owners to have the *Industry* get there first, and he would promise the crew five dollars apiece if they beat the *Augusta Ramsay*, even if they only beat her by an hour. And, for every day that they beat her, up to two weeks, he would promise them two dollars apiece. He did n't care about beating her by more than two weeks, because he thought that he would have his cargo aboard, all ready to carry back

to Boston, in that time. But there must be no skulking and no unwillingness. Anything of that kind would be severely dealt with, and he would not hesitate to put any man in irons for the rest of the voyage who did n't jump to his duty at the word.

And, when Captain Sol had finished his speech, the men all shouted out a cheer for him and another cheer for Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob. And they were n't grumbly any more but they were glad. And Captain Sol turned away and looked through his glass to see if he could make out the *Augusta Ramsay*. But he could n't see any sign of her.

So Captain Sol sailed the *Industry* across the wide ocean and down around the Cape of Good Hope and across the Indian

Ocean; and he carried sail until it almost cracked the masts, and his crew were as willing as they could be and nobody skulked. But, all that time, there was no sign of the *Augusta Ramsay.* And they sailed into the wide river and anchored; and Captain Sol sold the things he had brought and bought the things to carry back, and still there was no sign of the *Augusta Ramsay.*

And he loaded the *Industry* with the things that he had bought, and he hoisted his anchor and sailed away down the river. And, just as he came to the ocean, there was the *Augusta Ramsay* sailing in.

Captain Sol had the sails fixed so that the ship would n't go ahead and so did Captain Henry. And Captain Sol had a boat lowered and sailors got in, to row it,

and he went over to make a call on Captain Henry. And he found that the *Augusta Ramsay* had been caught in a calm place, after that storm, because Captain Henry had n't been willing to rout his men out at two o'clock in the morning; and she had n't been able to get out of that calm place for nearly two weeks, but had stayed there, with her sails flapping against the masts, for all that long time. And Captain Henry said that it was a joke on him and bade Captain Sol good bye and wished him a good voyage home. But Captain Sol thought that it was no joke for the owners of the *Augusta Ramsay*.

Then he got into his boat again and went back to his ship. And the *Augusta Ramsay* fixed her sails so that she would

go ahead, and so did the *Industry*. And they sailed away from each other; but Captain Sol had taken Captain Henry's letters.

And that 's all.

THE PILOT STORY

NCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships

had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalk were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The wharf was Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's and they owned the ships that sailed from it; and, after their ships had been sailing from that wharf in the little city for a good many years, they changed their office to Boston. After that, their ships sailed from a wharf in Boston.

The channel into Boston Harbor was crooked and narrow and a captain had to know it very well to be able to take a ship in safely. A good many captains didn't like to risk it, even if they thought they did know the channel pretty well. So there were some men who made it their business to take vessels out of the harbor,

that wanted to go out, and to bring vessels in, that wanted to come in. Those men were called harbor pilots, or just pilots. And they knew just exactly how much water they would find at each place; and they knew the whole harbor so well that they could tell, almost, where every stone, of the size of a hat, was on the bottom of it. In the year 1820, John Wilson was one of these pilots, and he lived at Winthrop. Winthrop was a convenient place for a pilot to live in, for it is on a sort of a point that bends around, so that it is outside of Boston Harbor.

Now John Wilson's house was where he could see, from the windows of a room upstairs, far out to sea. He could have seen Provincetown, on the end of Cape Cod, if it had n't been so far away that it

was hidden by the roundness of the world; and there was nothing, except the ocean and the ships that sailed on it, between him and Europe. On clear days he was apt to sit at his upper window, looking out over the ocean and smoking. And whenever he saw the upper sails of some vessel beginning to show, far away, over the waters of Massachusetts Bay, he would hurry off to his sloop, that always lay ready at the wharf, just below; and he would tell the man who was pottering about on the sloop, and who was named Joe, that there was a vessel coming up and that he had better stir his stumps. For he thought that it was the ship *Dawn*. Or, perhaps, it was the brig *Sally Ann* or the *Coromandel*, or the ship *Pactolys*, or the *Savannah*, or the *Augusta Ramsay*, or

the brig *Industry*. For John Wilson knew every vessel that sailed from Boston so well that he could tell a vessel's name as soon as he caught sight of her upper sails.

Then Joe would hurry and John Wilson would hurry and they would sail down to meet that vessel. And John Wilson, if he was the first pilot to get to the vessel, which he generally was, would climb aboard, leaving Joe to sail the sloop alone; and he would take command of the vessel and pilot her safely in, through the channel, to her wharf.

But, if it was foggy or hazy, so that John Wilson could not see the sails of vessels far off, over the water, even with his long glass, he and Joe would sail back and forth before the entrance to Boston Harbor. Sometimes there would be three

or four pilot boats sailing back and forth, waiting for the ships to come in; and, when they sighted a ship, it would be a race to see which boat would get to her first.

One afternoon, in the late summer, John Wilson sat at his upper window, smoking and looking out at the gulls. His long glass lay on another chair beside him, all ready to look through; and, once in a while, he took it up and looked, very carefully, all along the edge of the ocean. But, no matter how hard he looked, he could n't see any ships. There was a fisherman going out, but fishermen did n't take pilots, and, if they had, it was too late, anyway. And he saw another small vessel coming in, pretty soon after the fisherman had gone. It was the Portland

packet. She did n't take a pilot, either, but her captain was a pilot.

John Wilson was getting tired of sitting by that window, although it was a very

pleasant place on a summer afternoon. He got up and stretched sleepily, for it was sleepy work sitting there, doing nothing. Then he thought that he might as well take a last look through the glass, before he went, and he lifted it and held it against the frame of the window and looked.

"Hello!" he said to himself. "The skysails and royals of something. It 's a brig. By the cut of her sails, she 'll be the *Industry*. Have n't heard of her since she was spoken, going out, five months ago. She must have made a quick passage."

Then he put down the glass and hurried down to the sloop.

"Hurry up, Joe," he said. "The old *Industry* 's coming in. And she 's in a hurry, too. That Cap'n Sol 's carrying

royals and skysails. That 's all that showed. Like enough he 's got stu'n'sails on her, too. He seems to want to get in to-night; and we 've got to hurry, for she 'll keep right on to his wharf, pilot or no pilot."

"He has n't been reported at Manila," said Joe.

"No," said John Wilson, "he has n't. But he 'll report his own arrival there. There 's few can carry sail with Cap'n Sol."

The sloop was on her way, by that time, out to the channel and down to the bay. She was rather fast, for such a small vessel, for the pilot who had the fastest boat had the best chance; and she had a good deal of sail for a boat of her size. But she could n't sail as fast as the *Industry*.

"THE SLOOP WAS ON HER WAY"

She met the *Industry* about five miles out in the bay, and John Wilson saw that Captain Sol had put a flag in the rigging, to show that he wanted a pilot.

Captain Sol had the sails fixed so that the *Industry* would n't go ahead very fast, and the sloop came alongside and John Wilson scrambled aboard. The sloop was n't tied to the ship at all, and she did n't stay alongside as long as a minute; then she was sailing off again, towards Boston. For Joe had to take John Wilson home again after he had got a vessel piloted safely in to the wharf that she was going to.

Captain Sol met John Wilson when he came on board and shook hands with him.

"Hello, John," he said. "I hoped we should get you."

"Hello, Sol," said John Wilson. "You haven't been reported at Manila, yet, and you have no business to be here."

"So?" asked Captain Sol. "Three ships sailed from Manila for Boston ahead of me. They 'll be along in the course of time." He smiled to himself at the thought of his having passed those ships. But Captain Sol didn't generally say much, and John Wilson didn't ask him anything more about those ships. But he made up his mind that he would keep a sharp lookout for them. "Get us in as soon as you can, John," continued Captain Sol. "I have some business that I want to get done before dark."

"All right," said John Wilson; and he began to give his orders.

The sails were fixed so that the ship

would go ahead again as fast as she was going before. They passed the pilot boat, with Joe sailing it all alone, and then John Wilson told the sailors to begin to take in sail. They had so much sail spread that it would take the sailors all the time, until they got to the wharf, to take it in, for they had reached the beginning of the channel between the islands.

And they sailed in, past the islands, and John Wilson had the ship steered so that she went in the deepest part of the channel. And they came up to the wharf, gently, and the ship was tied to the wharf with great ropes; and there was a little of the afternoon left. So Captain Sol went to attend to the business that he wanted to do. But John Wilson went to the office of Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob

and they paid him some money for piloting the *Industry* up the harbor.

Then he went back to the wharf and watched the sailors, who were busy on the *Industry*, and he waited for Joe to come, with the sloop, to take him back to Winthrop. And, in about half an hour, there was the sloop. And John Wilson got aboard and sailed away for Winthrop.

And that's all.

THE DRIFTWOOD STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. And a narrow road led down a very steep hill to that wharf, and anybody that wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there was n't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the

ships had to go on that narrow road, the flagstones that made the sidewalks were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The river and the ocean are there yet, as they always have been and always will be; and the city is there, but it is a different kind of a city from what it used to be. And the wharf is slowly falling down, for it is not used now; and the narrow road down the steep hill is all grown up with weeds and grass.

Many times, in the long ago, the brig *Industry* had sailed from that wharf, on voyages to far countries, and had come back again to the wharf, bringing spices and tea and sets of china and pretty little tables inlaid with ivory and ebony, and camel's hair shawls, and cloth of goat's

hair, and logs of teak-wood to make things of, and many another beautiful thing. And, when Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob moved their office to Boston, she had sailed from a wharf in Boston to that far country. Captain Solomon was the captain of the *Industry* then. And Captain Solomon married and had sons, and when those sons were beginning to get old enough to go to sea, Captain Solomon stopped being a captain and became a farmer. For he did n't want his sons to go to sea, and he thought that, if he had a farm, away from the salt ocean, they would n't go. So he bought the farm that it tells about in the Farm Stories. But little Sol ran away to sea, just the same; and he got to be the captain of the *Industry*.

And Captain Jonathan got to be an old man, and he died peacefully. And still the brig *Industry* sailed to that far country and sailed back again. And the years passed, and Captain Jacob got to be a very old man, and he died, too; and Lois was an old woman, and little Jacob, her son, had grown to be a man, and little Lois, her daughter, had grown up and married. And still the brig *Industry* sailed on her voyages and came back again, but she was getting to be old, too.

And, at last, after more years had passed, the *Industry* was so old that she needed to have a lot done to her to make her safe. And her owners decided that it was n't worth while to rebuild an old vessel, but they would build a new one in-

"MANY TIMES HAD SHE BEEN TIED UP AT THAT WHARF"

stead; for they did n't build the kind of ship that the *Industry* was any more, but they built a kind that they thought was better and faster. So, when she got in the next time from that far country, they told her captain what they had decided to do. That captain was n't Captain Sol. He did n't go to sea any more, but he lived in Boston.

So, when she had been unloaded, the captain and some sailors sailed her down to the wide river that the little city was beside. It took them only about a half a day to go there from Boston, and the *Industry* sailed into the river for the last time, and up to the wharf that was all falling down. And the men tied her to the wharf with great ropes. Many times had she been tied up at that wharf, and she

had loaded there and had been unloaded there many times. But she now would never again go sailing out of the river into the great ocean.

And the captain went to the riggers of ships, and he had hard work to find them; but at last he found some riggers of ships that were left, and he told them to come to the wharf and take the sails and the yards off the *Industry*, and the masts out of her, because she was going to be broken up. And the riggers came, and they took the sails off the yards and they took the yards down; and they took down the top-masts, and they took off the bowsprit, and they took out the great masts that had felt the strain of the winds blowing on the sails for thousands and thousands of miles. And the *Industry* was nothing but an old

hulk lying at an old wharf that was falling down.

Then some junk men came, and they stripped off the copper sheets that were on her bottom, and they took the iron work out of her, and they carried the copper sheets and the iron to their shop. Then they untied the great ropes which held the hulk to the wharf, and they towed all that was left of the *Industry* to a shallow place, up the wide river, and there they pulled it high up on the shore. And some more men came and began stripping off the sheathing of thin boards that had been put on outside of her planking, and they sawed this sheathing up until it was small enough to go in a fireplace, and they split it up into small sticks. For the sheathing, that has been next to the copper

sheets and has gone in the salt water for so many years, would burn with pretty green and blue flames and little flashes of red. And then they began to take off her thick planking of oak.

Lois's son, that had been little Jacob, was Squire Jacob when he had grown up. And he heard of it, and he came to see the end of the *Industry*. And, when he saw the remains of the ship lying there on the shore, and saw where the men had taken the planks off, so that her great ribs showed, like a skeleton, the sight filled his heart with sadness. He thought of the voyage that he had made in her, when he was a little boy, and he thought of the many times that she had sailed to that far country and had always brought the sailors and the captains back safe; and he stood

there, looking, for a long time. But, at last, he turned away, and he went to the men who had the sheathing all sawed and split into small sticks, and he bought that sheathing, every bit of it. And he told the men that he would like to have the rudder and one or two of the ribs. And the men said that they would be glad to give him the rudder and some of the ribs.

Then he went back to the little city, and he found an old sailor who had sailed in the *Industry*. That sailor was an old man and he did n't go to sea any more, he was so old; but he lived in a nice kind of a place that was for old sailors to live in, and he liked to whittle things with his knife. He could whittle pretty well, for sailors are great whittlers. And Lois's son, Squire Jacob, told this old sailor

about the *Industry*, and how he had bought all the sheathing that there was, and that he would have the rudder and some of the ribs. And he asked the sailor if he could manage to make a model of the brig *Industry* out of the rudder, and fit it with sails and everything just as the *Industry* really had been. And the sailor was sorry when he heard about it, and he said he would like nothing better than to make the model, and it should be exactly like the *Industry*, down to the smallest block and the least rope. And he said that he would make the model for nothing if he might have the rest of the rudder to make a model for himself, too.

So Squire Jacob was glad, and he told the old sailor that he could have the rest of the rudder and welcome, and that he

must come up sometimes and sit in front of his fire when the sheathing was burning; for he had a good deal of it, and it would be a long time before it was all burned up. And the old man thanked him and said that he would be glad to come.

Then Squire Jacob went to some cabinet makers, and he said that he would like to have them make a chair for him out of the ribs of the *Industry*. It would be an arm-chair and would have a picture of the brig carved in the wood up at the top of the back. And the cabinet makers understood, and they said that they would make him the arm-chair.

And at last the arm-chair was all done, and the model was almost done; but the arm-chair was done first. And, one evening, Squire Jacob was sitting in the arm-

chair before the fire, and in his hand he held the little model of the *Industry*, that an old sailor had carved, with his jack-

knife, for his Christmas present when he went on that voyage to far countries as a little boy. The hull of that little model was made of ebony and the masts and spars were little ebony sticks; and the sails were of ivory, scraped thin, and the ropes were silk thread. And the sails were bulging, as if the wind was filling them and making them stand out from the yards. But the ivory sails were yellow with age,

and the silk thread was all yellow and rotten.

That little model was only about three inches long, so that it rested easily on Squire Jacob's hand. He sat before the fire, looking at the little model, and his wife sat in another chair beside him. And their daughter, who was named Lois, was sitting in a low chair by her mother. That Lois was pretty nearly grown up. And Squire Jacob remembered, and he told his wife and his daughter Lois the things that it tells about in the Christmas Story.

When he had finished telling the Christmas Story, the door-bell rang; and Lois went to the door, and she came back and said that an old man was out in the hall, but he would n't come in. And Squire Jacob went out to the hall, and he came

back with the old sailor who had carved the model of the brig *Industry* out of the real rudder of the ship. He had that model in his arms. And he set the model that he had brought in the middle of the mantel, over the fire, and sat down in the arm-chair. And Squire Jacob did n't say anything, but he handed him the little model, made of ebony and ivory.

The old sailor took the little model, and it made him remember many things; and he remembered about the old man who had carved that model and about that very voyage, for he had been one of the crew of the *Industry* when she went on that voyage to far countries and carried little Jacob and little Sol. And he told some stories about that sailor and that voyage that Squire Jacob was very glad to hear.

They all sat there for a long time, but they did n't say much. And the old sailor looked from the little model of the *Industry*, in his hand, to the big one, that was on the mantel before him; and Squire Jacob took some of the sheathing of the real *Industry* and put it on the fire. And it blazed up with flames that were all green and blue, and red.

"A many miles o' ocean 's in that flame," said the old sailor, "a many miles."

"And a good ship," said Squire Jacob.

"That she was," said the old sailor. "A good ship."

And they watched the sheathing burning, and Squire Jacob thought that he saw pictures in the flames. At first he saw a ship all alone on the great ocean, and nothing could be seen from the ship

but miles of tossing water; and the flame died out. Then another flame blazed up,

and Squire Jacob saw a great river with a city on the bank, and the brig *Industry* was anchored in the river. And many little boats were rowed from the city to the ship and back again. The little

boats were loaded with tea and spices and camel's-hair shawls and many other beautiful things. And he saw Captain Solomon on the ship; and that flame died out. And another flame blazed up, and he saw the *Industry* just coming up the river and tying up at the wharf that the narrow road led down to. And that flame died out quickly, and the piece of sheathing only glowed, for it was all burned to ashes, and the ashes dropped down where the other ashes were.

And that's all of this book.

THE SANDMAN: HIS SEA STORIES

These stories give you a good picture of life on an old-time sailing vessel. When you want to look up some special point, this index will show you the right page.

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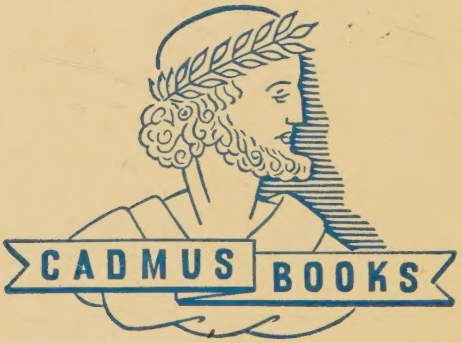
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